THE SATURDAY EVENING

SICK

November

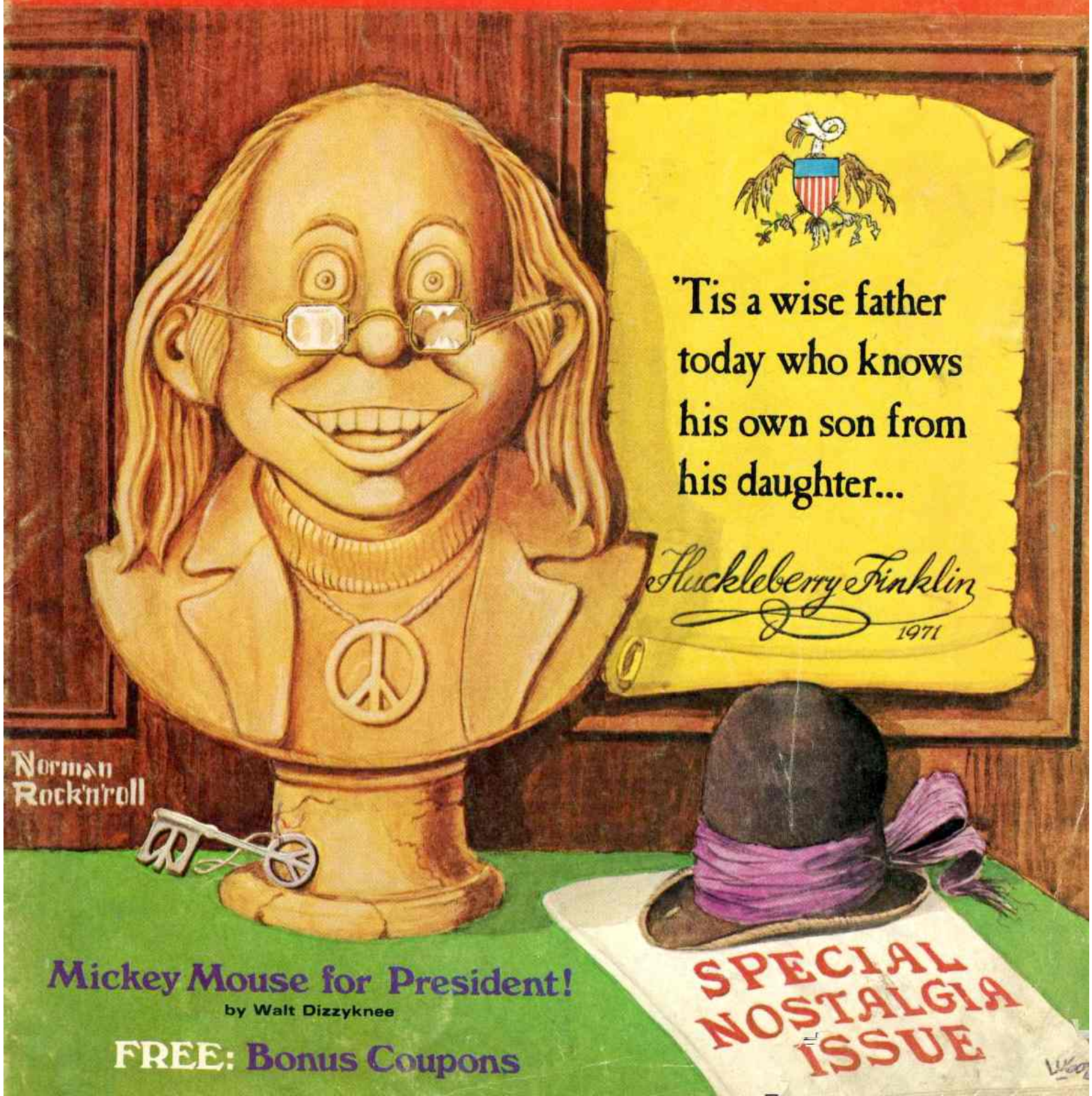
Number 87

I CALL ON LENNY BRUCE

by PETE MARTIAN

mac

40 cents



Mickey Mouse for President!

by Walt Dizzyknee

FREE: Bonus Coupons

SPECIAL BONUS CUTOUT

MORE INSIDE BACK COVER

SICK COUPONS

created by DAVID MALEH

6¢ OFF

ON ANY TEN STANDARD-SIZE BOTTLES OF

CUMQUAT JUICE

COMES IN A NEW SPRAY CONTAINER

SICK COUPON

SPECIAL OFFER!

GOOD FOR 9¢

ON A 16-POUND PACKAGE OF

HALAVAH

(IMPORTED TURKISH CANDY)

9¢ but you have to go to Constantinople to collect! 9¢

SICK COUPON

FREE COUPON for

1 PAIR OF PLEATED

JOCKEY SHORTS

FRUIT-OF-THE-LOOM WITH ROOM!

The Incredible Living Jock! GOOD ONLY IF YOU'RE A JOCKEY or you're a little short

SICK COUPON

10¢ CLIP THIS VALUABLE COUPON AND SAVE! 10¢

ON A 40 LB. CAN OF

MUSTACHE WAX

redeemable at any store in Southern Madagascar

10¢ 10¢

5¢ off

toward the purchase of a real live

HIPPOPOTAMUS

Sorry! Only one to a customer!

Offer expires when hippo does!

SICK COUPON

7¢ 7¢

This coupon

worth 7¢

ON A

10-QUART JAR

of **CHICKEN FAT**

or its equivalent in boiled beef

7¢ 7¢

SICK COUPON

SICK

No. 87

November 1971

Volume 11 Number 7

"The **Devil** made us do this book!"

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SICK IS...

Art by BOB TAYLOR

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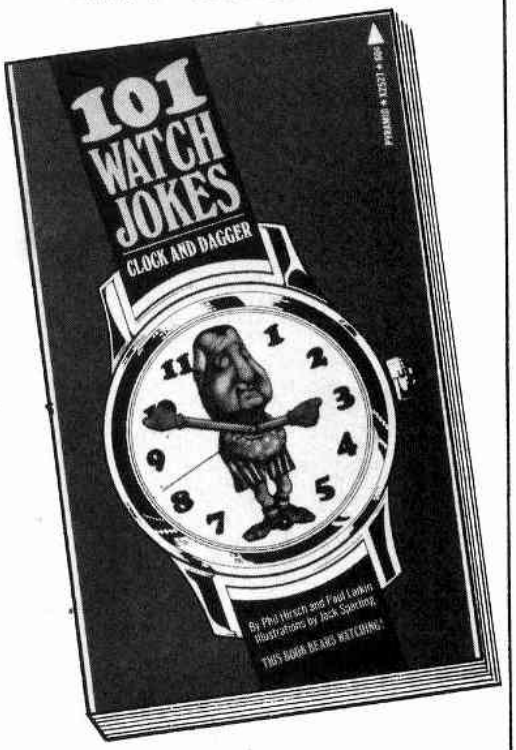
AMERICA'S NEWEST LAFF SENSATION!



THE BRAND-NEW PAPERBACK
By the Editors of

SICK

Chock-full of celebrity gags and pictures, this book is destined to become a household word... like Spiro Agnew, generation gap, air pollution, etc. Don't miss out... ask for it at your local bookstore now!

ON SALE NOW!

Of all the takeoffs on the movie Love Story, yours was by far the funniest...

MYRON SYDOW
TOLEDO, OHIO

But ours was the only one supposed to be serious!

Paul Laikin has really done a bang-up job replacing Joe Simon as Editor...

TONY DiFUSSIO
BRONX, N.Y.

That's how he replaced him—by banging up Joe Simon!

SICK really turns me on...

T.MANGERO
ERIE, PA.

SICK lights my fire!...

SUE VENDERER
MIAMI, FLA.

What are we—a magazine or a gas stove???

I read your Divorce Ads and got a wonderful idea. I divorced my wife. Thanks for giving me the idea...

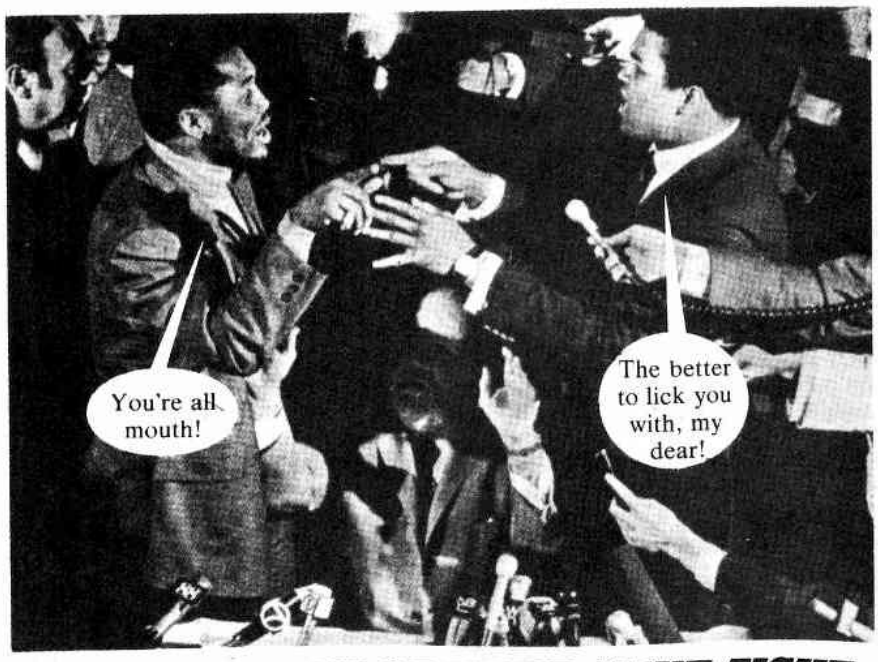
HERB ADELSON
MADISON, WISC.

We got a better idea for you. Read our Suicide Ads in the next issue!

Your newspaper takeoff "The Hard Hat Herald" was a fabulous piece of satire. I couldn't stop laughing. What's funnier today than a guy with a hard hat?

VAL BESCHEN
NO. BERGEN, N.J.

A guy with a soft head!



FOR A PREVIEW OF THEIR NEXT FIGHT
see page 8

Yours:

I get a charge out of SICK...
JOEY REANEY
PARGOT, N.D.

Those "Individualized College Pennants" you ran in the last issue was a real gas. Your artist Francho was never better. I think every college should have one.
ANN WETHEROLE
MARION, TENN.
What? A pennant or a Francho?

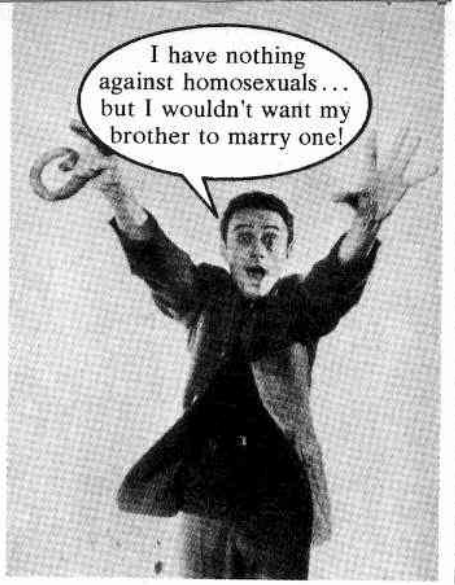
I am so glad you made Guy Thomas an Associate Editor. I have enjoyed all his television satires, especially Mayberry Rest-In-Peace.
MRS. G.R. TRIANDAFILS
TITUSVILLE, FLA.
You were the only one. That's why we demoted him to a Contributing Editor. (see Contents Page.)

Of all the features in your magazine I like Sick Sick World the best. I think the jokes in that are out of this world.
JOHN McDONOUGH
NO ADDRESS GIVEN
That's great, but it depends on where you're writing from!

In your Sick As It Seems page you were right when you said that Vasco da Gama was not Spanish. Actually, he was Portuguese...
FERNANDO PAIXAO
MOZAMBIQUE
Funny, but to us he looks Jewish!

In the May issue of SICK you had a 'How Sick Are You?' Test. You said if you answered all the questions NO you should see a doctor. Frankly, I don't think a doctor can help you. And you'd better print this letter or you'll really need a doctor.
DAVID SCHOD
STUART, FLA.
Why don't you send us the name of the one who's treating you?

Enjoyed your article on "How to Drive Your Analyst Crazy." From



FOR A PROFILE OF THIS COMIC LEGEND
see page 19

where I stand, they're the real sick people of our society!
FRED WEINRIB
KOKOMO, IND.
Stop standing, lay down on the couch and tell us more about it.

I used your "Sick Book Of Etiquette" on my children. They behave better at the table now. Many thanks...
MRS. R. COURTNEY
SYOSSET, N.Y.
What did you do—read it to them or hit them with it?

I started reading your magazine about three years ago and I haven't stopped laughing since...
ROB FLETCHER
ROANOKE, VA.
You must have a heckuva time sleeping!

MICKEY MOUSE ENTERS POLITICAL RAT RACE
see page 6

THOUGHTS OF A MEAN, ROTTEN KID

by Don Fioto

Mickey Mouse is a dirty rat
And Donald Duck's a quack
Little Boy Blue was a big redskin
Snow White was really black

Disneyland's been rated X
Mother Goose is no more
Cupid doesn't know about sex
Shirley Temple was a great big bore

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Was a stripper of great renown
Little Jack Horner sits in the corner
'Cause he's a moron and clown

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin eater,
Was a meat and potatoes man
Don't ever trust an honest John
'Cause he's really a dirty Dan

Good ol' Dick Tracy is a crooked cop
Superman's a dirty old man
The Shadow is really that thing on the wall
Boston Blackie's in the Ku-Klux-Klan

Frankenstein's something doc whipped up
King Kong is really a queen
The Wolfman eats like an animal
The Creature is no Mr. Clean

These are my feelings about these things
They're feelings full of pizzazz
If you don't like them or don't feel the same,
To you I give the ol' *razz*!

Written by
MARGARET BENNETT

All through ... was always popu... with the women. The meeting, courtship and marriage of his first wife would do justice to a romantic ... a town or hitting a passenger train on the Katy line, then disappearing into rugged mountain terrain or the cane breaks along the river bottoms.

NEW ROLE FOR MICKEY!

FAMED MOUSE ENTERS POLITICAL RAT RACE

By Margaret Bennett

Hollywood (AP)—Mickey Mouse today stepped off the celluloid and formally announced his candidacy for the presidential nomination in 1972. "I am the only candidate who can—and will—get this country out of the hole," Mouse declared.

Mouse's announcement came as no great surprise. The tremendous success in the political arena of fellow movie luminary, Ronald Reagan, clearly indicated that the time was ripe for the most beloved performer of them all to hop on the political Silly Symphony wagon.

The veteran performer was completely at ease before the microphones and cameras as he delivered his prepared statement and good-humoredly fielded questions from the press in his distinctive high-pitched voice. "Since more and more politicians are becoming cartoon characters, I see nothing unusual about a cartoon character becoming a politician," he told the 180 reporters who had gathered.

The familiar wiry figure with the oversize ears was dressed in his well-tailored red pants and the immaculate gloves that have long been his trademark. Still lean and with not a strand of gray in his glossy black hair, Mouse could easily be taken for half his admitted 44 years. It was obvious, despite Mouse's attempt to play down the entertainer image, that he still has the easy charm and animal magnetism that made him a household word in this country.

In enumerating his qualifications for the office of the presidency, Mouse emphasized his understanding of the problems of business gathered from his years as president of his successful watch manufacturing firm.

He also pointed out that he has an extensive background in foreign affairs, having served for many decades as America's unofficial good will ambassador abroad. "I am probably better known overseas than any other living American," he stated, "and I am more popular than God."

Asked if as president he would be willing to sign a rat control bill, Mouse earnestly responded, "I would not allow my background as a life-long rodent to interfere with carrying out the will of the people and enforcing the law of the land."

On the touchy question of Vietnam, Mouse was firm and unequivocal. "I am neither a hawk nor a dove," he stated flatly. "I believe we should neither get out nor escalate. We should continue just as we are, following what I think can with justification be called a 'Mickey Mouse' Vietnam policy."

Aided by an efficient team of image makers, Mouse undoubtedly knows what he is doing. Those who consider him politically naive and an amateur may have forgotten that a few years ago this charismatic personality—probably with an eye to elections still twelve years away—had an almost fanatical following among young people. Most of these former "Mouseketeers" are now of voting age and their adulation for their former leader has in no way diminished.

The opposition, despite their repeated harpings on his lack of experience and their continual jibes of "Do you want a man or a mouse in the White House?" are becoming aware of Mouse as a serious threat. Political pollsters are discovering that even in the most remote areas of the country, because of TV reruns of his early cartoons, the boyishly engaging, perpetual "good guy" Mouse is universally known and loved, whereas the names Muskie and McGovern elicit only blank stares.

But what is even more significant in the presidential polls is that when the voters who supported Nixon in '68 are asked if they intend to vote for him again in '72, the answer being heard with ever-increasing frequency is "I'd as soon vote for Mickey Mouse!"

JURY INVESTIGATIONS

Illustrated by
JACK SPARLING

"I still say we can settle out of court!"—Adolf Eichmann's Last Words

MICKEY MOUSE FOR PRESIDENT

"Good shot, kid!"—Count Dracula

Boxing is becoming less physical and more verbal all the time. The last Ali-Frazier fight had more talk than action, both before and during the fight. Their rematch next Spring might very well become just a battle of insults. Like ferinstance this mouth-to-mouth account of...

THE NEXT

ROUND ONE

The fighters come at each other cautiously. Frazier feigns an insult at Ali, and Ali counters by calling Frazier the poor man's Sonny Liston. Frazier throws three short insults about Ali's robe and follows it with an ugly remark about Ali's trainer. Ali is stunned and meekly calls Frazier an Uncle Tom at the bell. We called this round even.

ROUND TWO

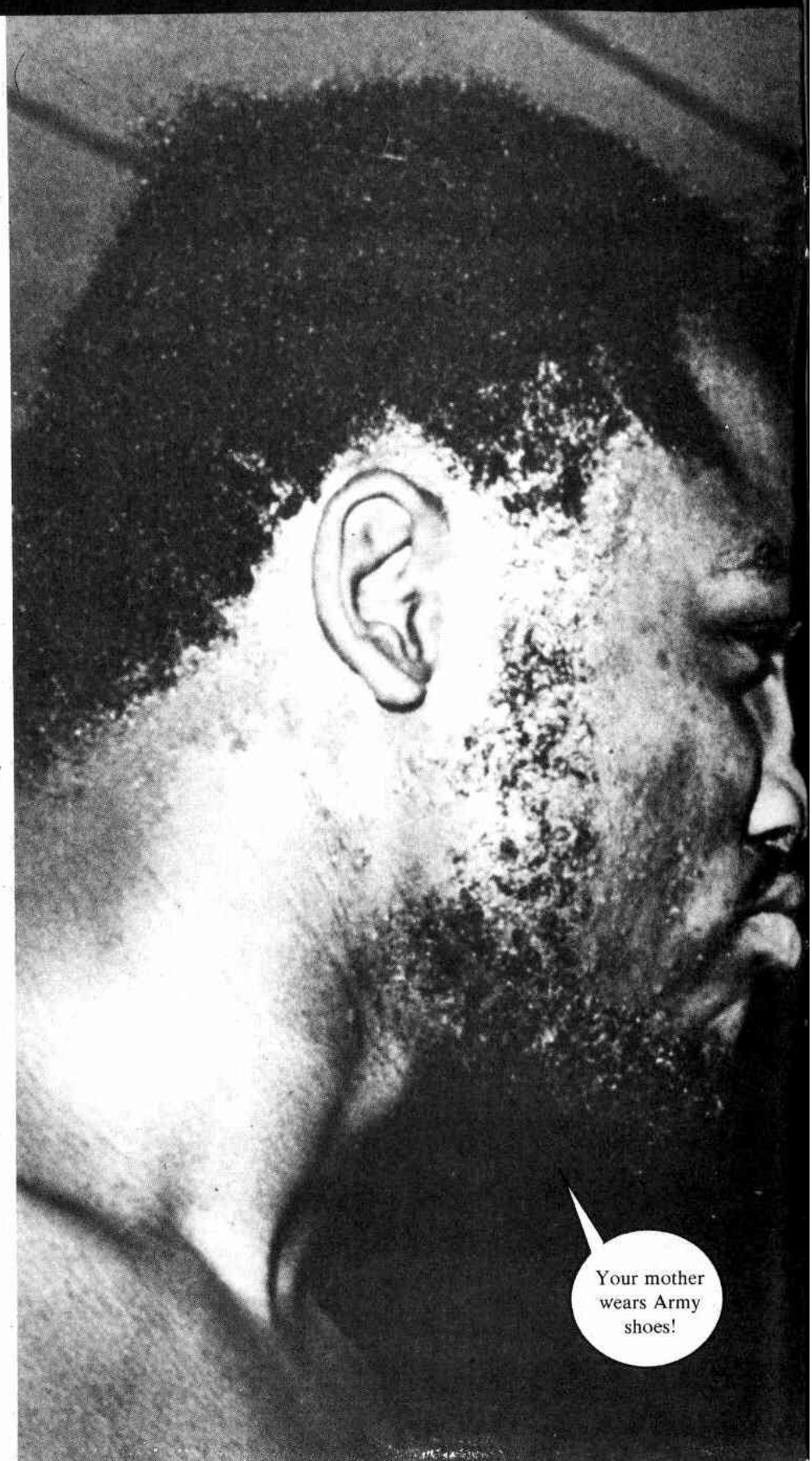
Frazier bores in by calling Ali a theatrical freak, a powder puff and a ballet dancer. Ali dances out of range and tells Frazier he has dandruff and bad breath. Frazier is stunned and blatantly calls Ali a draft dodger. Ali appears hurt but comes back quickly with two nice insults about Frazier's singing career. At the bell Ali calls Frazier an uneducated gorilla. We gave this round to Ali.

ROUND THREE

Frazier continues to jive in and feign with misguided insults. Ali wards off three remarks about his floating style and tells Frazier he can't sing in tune. Frazier imitates Ali's style and calls Ali "Clay." This bothers Ali and he heatedly tells Frazier that his I.Q. is 3. Frazier says Ali doesn't have an I.Q. at all and Ali counters by remarking about Frazier's heavy legs. Both fighters mix it up nicely mouth to mouth at the bell. We called this round even.

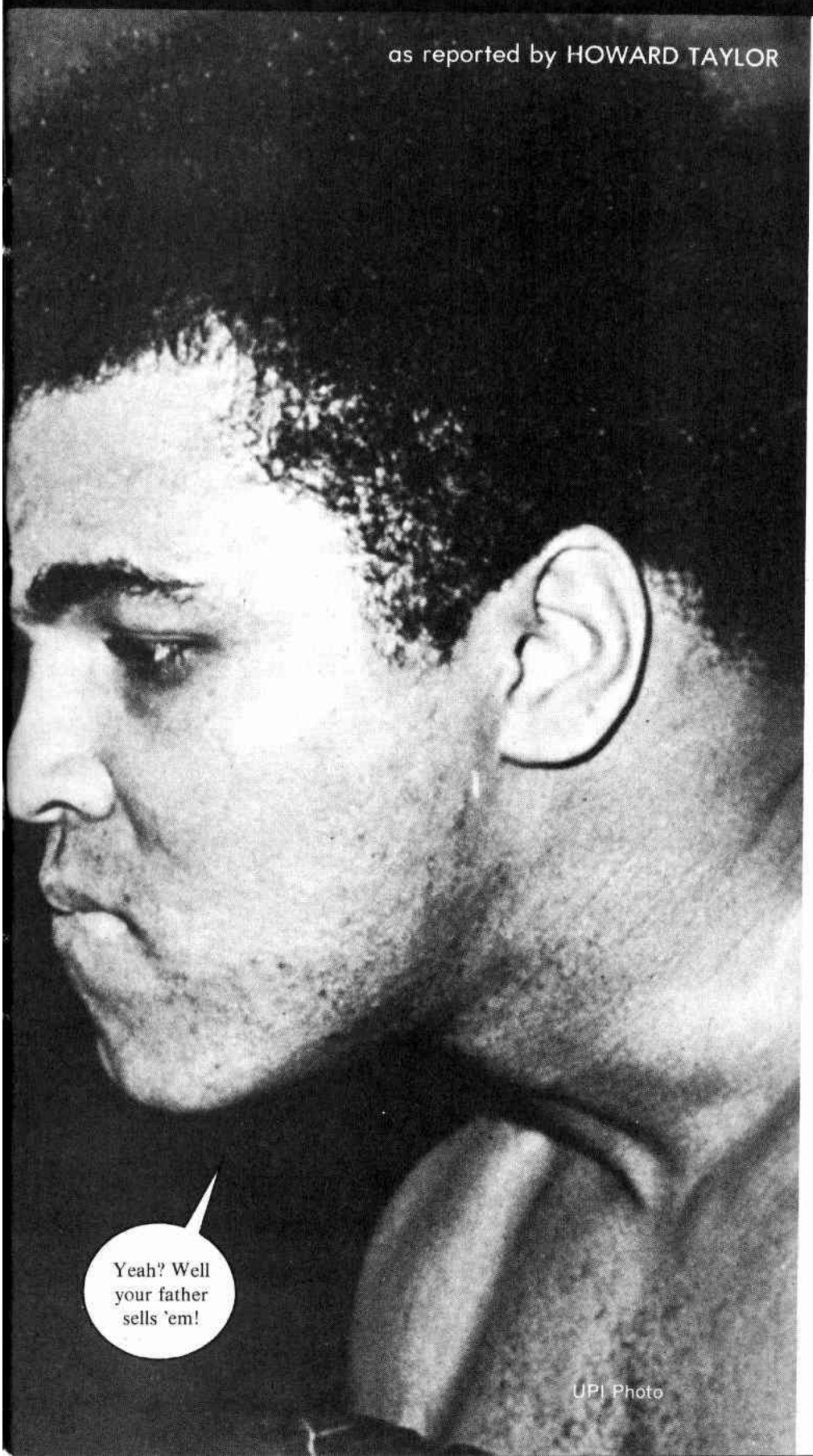
ROUND FOUR

Frazier is tiring now and rushes Ali without thinking of anything to say. Ali says Frazier ought to fight in the Bronx Zoo. Frazier says Ali learned to fight from a paperback book. Ali hurls a remark about



ALI-FRAZIER FIGHT
NO PUNCHES – JUST INSULTS

as reported by HOWARD TAYLOR



UPI Photo

Frazier's beard and follows it up by calling Frazier an overstuffed middleweight. The bell rings and Frazier makes a nasty remark about Ali's mother. The referee takes the round away from Frazier for a low blow. We gave this round to Ali.

ROUND FIVE

Ali is shaken by the low blow remark about his mother and Frazier looks for the kill by telling Ali his father is a bootblack. Frazier calls Ali "Clay." He calls him "Clay" again. Frazier calls Ali "Clay" twice more. Ali is clearly hurt. His lip is starting to sag and he grabs the ropes for support. Frazier hangs a beautiful insult on Ali about being a Muslim. Ali manages to swing away and timidly calls Frazier's trainer a slob. At the bell Ali has to be helped to his corner. We gave this round to Frazier.

ROUND SIX

Ali's trainer has been feverishly administering readings from the Insult Book between rounds and Ali looks like he's recovered. Ali throws three insults at Frazier about his children. Frazier insults Ali's grandmother. The referee warns Frazier about butting. Frazier now insults Ali's wife. Ali's wife jumps in the ring and hits Frazier. Frazier's wife now jumps in the ring and kicks Ali. Frazier's wife throws a right hand to Ali's wife's chin and follows with a nifty left uppercut. Frazier's trainer throws water in Ali's face, then kicks him in the stomach. Ali's trainer knocks Frazier's wife down and jumps on top of her. Frazier's trainer tries to strangle Ali and his wife with a wet towel. The police rush in to break up the melee and the fight is called off. We gave this round to Ali, Frazier's trainer and the two wives.

The End

TYPE-O-GRAPHICS

Created by BOB HEIT

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"But is it art?"

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THE MANAGEMENT
IS NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR PERSONAL PROPERTY

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"Hey! Take a look in this microscope!"

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"Last one through the barbed wire is chicken!"

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"What floor is it on now?"

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"Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!"

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"There goes our picnic!"

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"Would you please remove your hat?"

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"C'mon you guys, PULL!"

"I never met a man I didn't like . . ." —Zsa Zsa Gabor

"Man, like, I scored 16 times last night!" —Lew Alcindor

It used to be that New York City had only one kind of legal gambling—the Stock Market. Today there are legal racetracks, lotteries, bingo games and the newest addition—Off-Track Betting. If this keeps up, New York City may soon look like another Las Vegas. Only with a slight variation. Instead of the ordinary dice games and blackjack tables, New York could clean up a fortune if it ran more distinct games—new games geared to the times—games with the particular flavor of the big city. Like, for example, these . . .

OTHER GAMBLING GAMES FOR NEW YORK CITY

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO

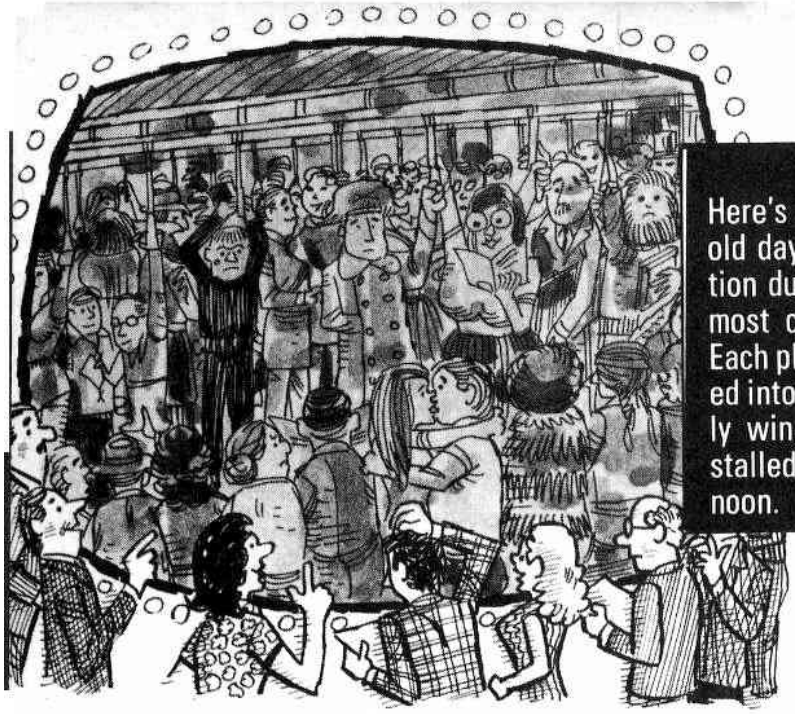
HOTEL-KNOCKING ROULETTE

This is a game similar to Roulette, in which a wheel is spun giving a room number in a certain hotel. Players must bet on what will be in that room when the door is opened unexpectedly. For example, say it's Room 1305 at the Statler-Hilton. Will it be: 1) vacant; 2) have a honeymoon couple; 3) be filled with illicit lovers; or 4) have a welfare family at $186.50 a night. Winner gets the money and the room.

RATE-A-MUGGING

In this game everybody throws a dollar into the pot. A player (or victim) is selected and placed at the entrance of Central Park at 1 A.M. in the morning. Bets are placed on whether that player will 1) come out unharmed (a long shot); 2) lose his wallet (a 10-to-1 bet); 3) lose his arm (an even-money deal); 4) not come out at all (here YOU give the odds.) You keep rotating until all the players have gone.

"I'm not sure, did you just ask for my hand in marriage?"—Mrs. William F. Buckley, Jr.

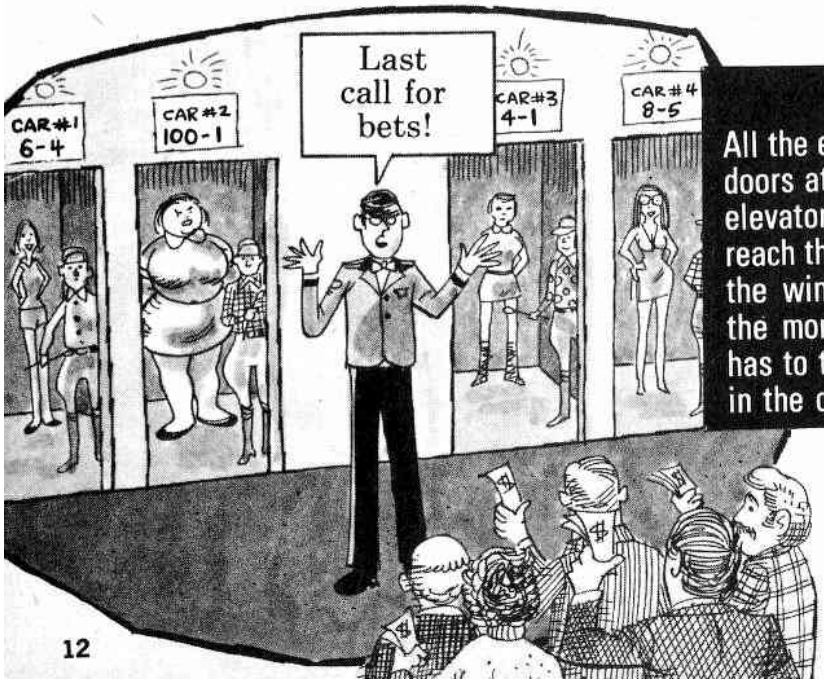


SUBWAY CAR-GUESSING

Here's a fun game that takes you back to the good old days. As a subway train pulls into a certain station during the rush hour, a TV camera projects the most crowd-filled car onto a huge screen nearby. Each player must guess the number of people squashed into that car. Those within a thousand or so usually win. This game can also be played with autos stalled on the Long Island Expressway each Sunday noon.

STRIKE-A-LIKE

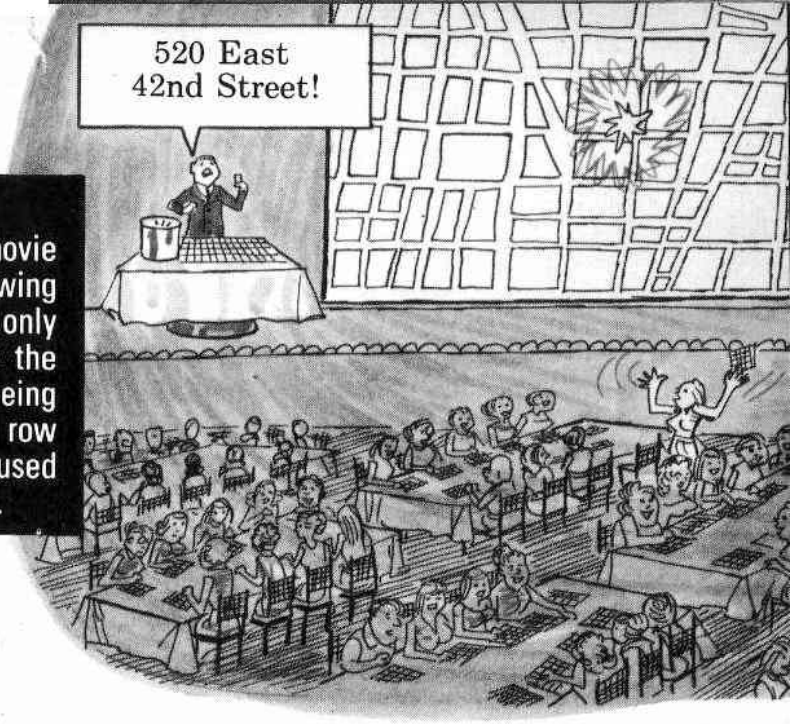
Here's another fun game in which the stakes are high, as well as most of the players. The way it works, there's a Betting Board on a table which lists every known Labor Union in the city. Players must guess which of those city unions will be the next to go out on strike. It must be a full-fledged walkout, "sick-out" or "work slowdown" only pays even money. The game is over when the whole Board is on strike.



ELEVATOR DRAG RACES

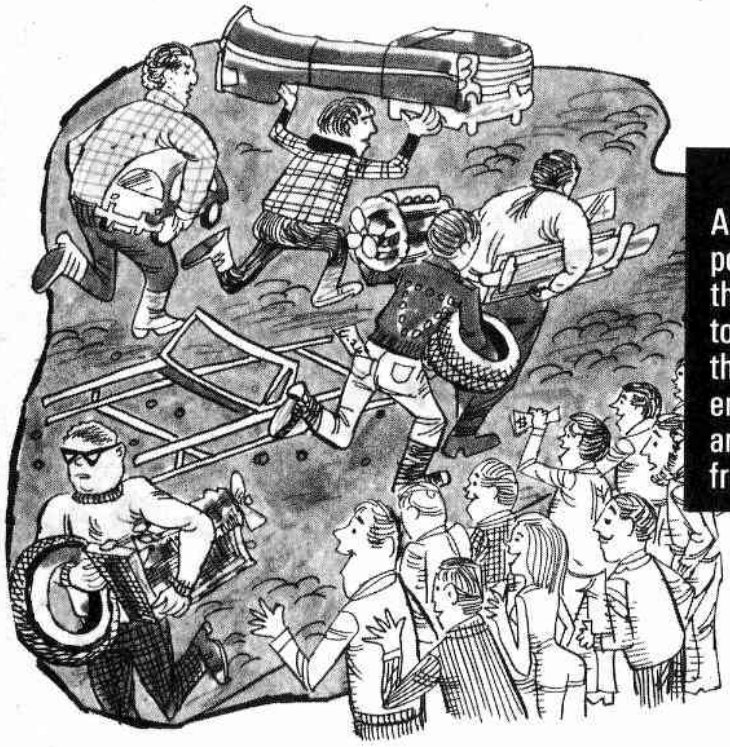
All the elevators in a large office building open their doors at the top floor. At the sound of the gong, the elevators begin their descent. The first elevator to reach the ground floor and open its doors is declared the winner. Players who bet on that elevator win the money. The last elevator to make the descent has to turn in its license. This will be the first time in the city that "descent" really pays off.

"I got drunk last night and did what?"—Paul Revere



PORNO-BINGO

Each player gets a card with a list of stores and movie houses selling pornographic magazines and showing obscene films. The game is played like Bingo, only instead of calling numbers the caller yells out the names of stores and movie houses as they are being raided. The first person to get five raids in a row wins. There is a Free Space, but this can only be used for places that have been tipped off beforehand.



STRIP-A-CAR POKER

All the players, after putting five dollars into the pot, have to guess how long it will take a gang of car thieves to strip down a stolen car. Those closest to the actual time win all the money and get to keep the body of that car. If the thieves fail to strip the entire car, the police are called in, the thieves are arrested, and a new car-jacking gang (complete with fresh stolen car) are brought in.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . . "—Dr. Kinsey

WALL STREET LEDGER

This game can only be played during a down-market. The players place their bets and try to guess into which lane on the street a suicide-jumping executive will land on. Should a body fall into more than one lane the body is revived and has to jump again. Likewise, if the jumper falls out of bounds. At the end there is a Daily Double in which two executives jump at once. You bet on who lands on top of who.

With the cost of living rising higher each day, we figured we'd commission writer While we can still get him at the old

ODE TO

Script by FRED WOLFE

When Armstrong stepped upon the moon
The Earth looked like a huge balloon,
Not just a ball, as Columbus stated,
'Cause all upon it is inflated.

Throughout the supermarket aisles
Frowns take the place of housewives' smiles,
Can't buy those steaks or cheese or spices
With super-high inflated prices.

That once dull bloody slice of liver
Is priced to give your spine a shiver,
And lamb chops favored by the girls
Now cost more than a string of pearls.

To get some meat upon a bone
You have to float a three-year loan,
For pork and ham there are no rules,
You're forced to hock the family jewels.

All luxury items have to go
In this age of inflated dough,
Instead of eating caviar
You settle for a Hershey bar.

With grocery prices running riot
The nation's on a Nixon diet,
The situation's getting biggy—
Kate Smith now looks just like Twiggy.

Fred Wolfe to create a poem about it. price, that is! And so, for what it's worth, here is our . . .

INFLATION

Art by JOHN COSTANZA

You step into a clothing store
And instantly you find you're poor,
The price leaves egg upon your faces,
Come in for shoes—wind up with laces.

To thieving landlords it's a joke,
It's *you* who gamble—go for broke
Their sleight-of-hand is really tragic,
The rent it doubles just like magic.

The doctors prove that crime can pay,
They take your pulse and yearly pay,
With wonder drugs they go to town,
Your wallet's swelling soon goes down.

If hospitalized you're really lost,
Another Taj Mahal it costs,
A dollar for an aspirin pill,
The headache starts with doctor's bill.

But Washington is not dismayed,
They're brave as hell—it's *you* who've paid,
They claim there's really no inflation—
Just dollar bills with constipation.

The nation's health they will restore,
Yet you keep paying more and more,
Soon a buck will buy you zero—
Dick's unafraid: "I'll just blame Spiro!"

"Help! Lemme outta here!"—Harry Houdini

THOSE SHOCKING, TERRIFIC **SMOKING CAR STORIES**
(THE KIND MEN LIKE)

- *The History of smoking cars in America.*
- *Duties of a smoking car porter.*
- *Are smoking cars running your health?*

LIMITED OFFER—ALL 3 FOR ONLY 9c

(IF YOU ACT BEFORE OUR LEASE EXPIRES)

Q. T. SALES WATTA, MASS.

ADD EXTRA $$$ TO YOUR INCOME!
—SELL CONTRABAND TO YOUR FRIENDS

"USE MY TESTED SALES PLAN TO MAKE AN EXTRA $50,000 EVERY WEEK," SAYS A. CONMAN, OSSINING, N.Y.

JUST A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK evenings, weekends, — bring wonderful new enjoyment to your friends. We carry a full line of contraband — brand new rhinoceros traps, slightly-soiled men's spats, rare Mongolian tomahawks, etc.

DIRECT FROM THE OWNERS TO YOU!

No deliveries. No collections. No names. No foolin'.

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HIGH PAYING OPPORTUNITIES

FOR ADVENTURERS

WORK IN THE ROMANTIC MALAYAN JUNGLE, THE SAHARA DESERT, LABREA TAR PITS, THE NORTH POLE.

All Trades • Labor, Clerical • Rum Running, Passport Forging, Coconut Squeezing, Axe Grinding, Ostrich Flicking, and Many other Interesting Jobs.

MANY BENEFITS

Coffee Breaks • Group Insurance • Red Cross
No Time Clocks • Tax-free Earnings

MANY MAKE AND SAVE A FORTUNE

(Opportunities for women also)

UNDERWORLD EMPLOYMENT SVCE.

Brooklyn New York

Realistic
SHRUNKEN HOLLYWOOD STARLETS
(THE KIND LITTLE MEN LIKE)

Terrific ornaments for the fun-loving playboy. Ideal for car, den or anywhere.

LOOKS REAL!
FEELS REAL!
IS REAL!

***Only* $2.00**

MISHUGAS, INC. HOCUS, PA.

BARG
YOU JUST GO

For Sale Cheap—Home-heating fuel oil dealership in bustling city of 12,000. No competition within 200 miles! For details, write P.O. Box 1813A, Death Valley, Nevada.

Only $49.00? Standard manual typ writ r, compl t with cov r? Just n ds a f w minor r pairs? Com in and try it out at th Classifi d Ad D pt, Main Floor, Tim s Building today?

ENTIRE SUPPLY OF CANNED GOODS: will give away at a real steal; will even load them onto your truck; just come and pick it all up. BON VIVANT VICHYSOISSE, Warehouse 12, Botchella, Ill.

MAN'S SUIT—Size 39. Magnificently tailored gray silk. New wide-lapel style. Cost originally $385.00, worn only once. Price just $60.00! Formerly belonged to Charley "Killer" Ferko, the gangland czar. Small, almost insignificant bullet holes in front, back and sides of jacket need slight repairing. Telephone Mrs. Anna Ferko, 218-6553.

HEALTHY WHITE RABBIT—For sale; only $2.00. Think how your children will love this cuddly white bunny (male). Will include cage, feeding equipment, all extras. Buyer must also take three female rabbits (no extra charge).

TERRIFIC INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY! 100-room hotel, all-brick fireproof building, excellent condition, very reasonably priced. Could be real money-maker when filled with American tourists. Centrally located in downtown Havana, Cuba. Write Box 232.

AINS TTA PASS UP

as reported by WARREN EMERY

GREAT BUY FOR WINE-LOVERS! 23-1/2 bottles of exotic Arabian wine purchased last July at native bazaar in Algiers. Has unusual, distinctive taste. Will sell at fraction of original cost. Call Mr. Andrews, Room 448, Gastro-Intestinal Emergency Ward, City Hospital.

Brand new 36-volume encyclopedia, won in contest, never used. Thousands of illustrations, fine paper, large type, sturdy bindings. A fantastic bargain at $25.00. Perfect for anyone who understands Portuguese.

For sale: 2500 never-used Goldwater-for-President buttons, 67 narrow neckties, six extra-long women's midi-skirts and one Edsel. Lucky Larry's Shoppe, 24 W. Malafortuna Street.

MALT SHOP—SODA FOUNTAIN. Selling out. Will sacrifice. Only a block away from junior and senior high schools and right next to new grade school just being completed. Owner selling because of health. 346-7712.

Imaginatively-styled hand-crafted experimental racing-sports car. Fiberglass and tinfoil body, interesting gadgetry. Raced just once, only 2 miles on odometer. Any reasonable offer accepted. See J. Finley Sharpe, Esq., Attorney for Estate of Bud "Hot-Wheels" Flanigan, 210 Main St.

UNUSED STEAMSHIP TICKET for round-the-world sailing; will sell below cost; no offer too small; write to Leo Gurney, Portsmouth, Mass., c/o the Andrea Doria.

TURN INTO A VAMPIRE!

AMAZE FRIENDS WITH CLEVER TRICK!

Be the life of the party! It really works! Presto! No gimmicks! No skill required! Instructions are given in special 270,498 page pamphlet. Yours for only 10 c. IF YOU ACT BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

GHOUL BROS.
BRONX, N.Y.

MAKE WOMEN GO FOR YOU!

YES — women will go for you! They won't let you alone! They seek you out! They come tearing down your doors! They can't help it!

YOU WILL NOTICE A STRANGE POWER OVER WOMEN!

IT'S SO EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

SIMPLY GET THIS BOOK TODAY!

Money refunded if you haven't Made out in one week!

Write: P.O. Box $$$, Fort Knox, Ky.

REAL LIFE
24x10 Glossy PHOTOS

(THE KIND WOMEN LIKE)

- Lumberjacks
- Truck Drivers
- Longshoremen
- Barbers

(IN REVEALING POSES)

NOT PROFESSIONAL MODELS BUT THE KIND YOU MEET EVERY DAY

25 c A SET OF 8 PHOTOS

(JUST FLIP 'EM AND SEE 'EM IN ACTION)

I. KLAW GOBI DESERT, AFRICA

BE A BRUTE LEARN AT HOME

Brutes are respected in every community. Girls go for them. You can learn to be a brute AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME! Course endowed by top-ranking bruisers everywhere. Earn while learning.

MEN... WOMEN... WRITE NOW, 12-90. TRIAL PLAN.

TRUSS SCHOOL FOR BLOCK BUSTERS

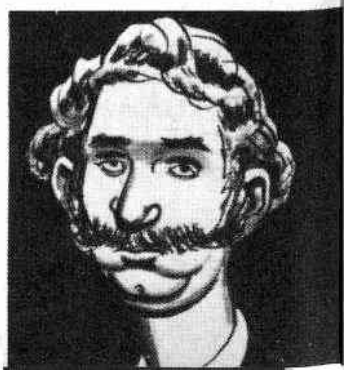
ISLAND No. '796 THOUSAND ISLANDS

With so many young people growing moustaches today, a new problem has arisen. Namely, what to do about all the clods who keep asking you while you're in the middle of growing it: "Are you growing a moustache?" Now, the only way to handle these stupid come-ons is with snappy come-backs. And so, we have compiled this list of sure-fire retorts which plainly tell you . . .

What to say when they say: ARE YOU GROWING A MOUSTACHE?

as created by JOHN DROMEY

- "No, I just forgot to shave my upper lip for the last six weeks."
- "No, I inhaled some liquid fertilizer and my nostril hairs are getting longer."
- "No, my contact lenses slipped and it just looks that way."
- "No, I carry my wife's extra eyelashes there in case she loses one and needs a spare."
- "No, I'm just carrying it for a friend."
- "No, it's really a beard but you know how inflation is."
- "No, I'm trying to smuggle a caterpillar past a flock of robins."
- "No, it's just an eyebrow that can't stand heights."
- "No, and don't tell me I forgot to remove the toothbrush again!"
- "No, that's just lint off my mohair ski mask."
- "Well, if I'm not, I've wasted two weeks carrying a 'watch this space' sign suspended from my nose."



"No matter how much I drink I still can't get high . . ."—Toulouse Lautrec

"The Devil made me do it!"—Mrs. Lucifer

SPECIAL SICK TRIBUTE:

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH

PROFILE: LENNY BRUCE

"Et tu Brute?" — Candy

LENNY BRUCE is the one comedian who deserves this special SICK accolade. After all, he was the one who started it all. He was the world's first genuine bona-fide "sick" comic and he paved the way for "sick" comedy of which this magazine is a part.

Today there's a big Lenny Bruce revival. A successful Broadway play, a motion picture, several biographies and a reissue of his early recordings are keeping his legend alive. Youngsters are discovering him and oldsters have rediscovered him. It's now accepted that Lenny Bruce was years ahead of his time. His material seems fresh today. His perceptive wit still holds up in the "now" generation. On the following pages is a tribute to Lenny Bruce, both the man and the social commentator...

The LENNY BRUCE Story

LENNY BRUCE was born on Long Island some 40-odd years ago. When he was five his parents were divorced and his father, Myron Schneider, got custody of the child. Times were bad and the elder Schneider barely eked out a living working in his brother's shoe store in Freeport, Long Island. And so Lenny had to be constantly farmed out to relatives.

Even as a child Lenny was a mischief-maker. Relatives refused to keep him in their homes for long and he was shuttled back and forth constantly. Thus, World War II was a blessing for him. He enlisted in the Navy, though underage, and served nearly three years on the cruiser Brooklyn. Lenny participated in the landings at Anzio and Salerno, and finally escaped from tedious stateside service by posing as a homosexual.

After the war, he drifted around aimlessly until he was introduced to the world of small-time show biz by his mother, Sally Kitchenberg—known today as Sally Marr—a local nightclub MC and comedienne. For the first time in his life he felt he "belonged."

Lenny's first big break came in 1949 when he won recognition on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts Show by doing standard impersonations with a German accent. After that he began touring the smaller clubs all over the country.

In Baltimore he met and married a stripper named Hot Honey Harlowe. When they were divorced, he received custody of their one daughter, Kitty. Together they played the club circuit, until he branched out on his own and began attracting attention in the "hipper" clubs of Frisco and the Village with his "avant-garde" material.

When he died on August 3, 1966, in a hilltop house on the Sunset Strip of California, Lenny Bruce was already a legend. His obscenity trials were front-page news and his style and brand of comedy were being imitated all over the country. Today he is even bigger as now we all see the "truth" of this man. Lenny Bruce will live on as long as there's a social consciousness about, and a sense of humor to go with it...

"Sitting ringside are two boys in show business who got their start... in the windy city—the wonderful Loeb and Leopold."

"If Nathan Leopold had any sense of humor, he would have grabbed another kid when he got out."

On mine cave-in: "Get away from there, kid, quit kicking dirt in the hole!"

"If you like foreign cars, we gotcha little Fuzzvutten here—this is a German car that was used a little bit during the war taking people back and forth to the furnace."

My sister wanted to marry a doctor but my mother said no. I can't understand it. He was the only black doctor in Freeport, Long Island.

My mother-in-law broke up my marriage. What happened was, my wife came home and found me in bed with her.

'Please applaud loudly, Helen Keller is in the audience."

"Let's have a big hand for the lovable Adolf Hitler."

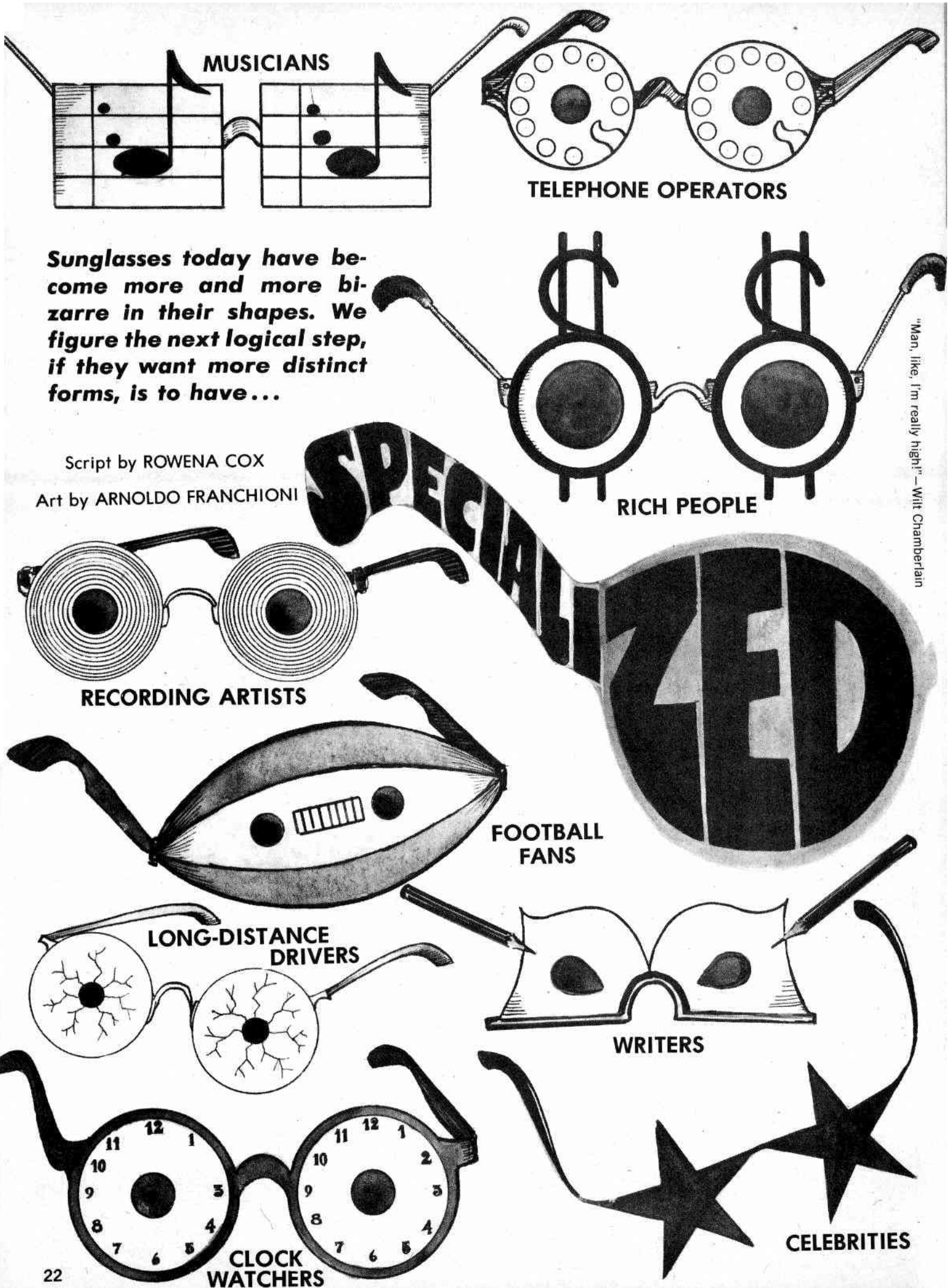
"All right, Junior, comb your face, drink your blood, bite Mamma good-night, and go to bed."

SPECIALIZED

Sunglasses today have become more and more bizarre in their shapes. We figure the next logical step, if they want more distinct forms, is to have . . .

Script by ROWENA COX

Art by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



"Man, like, I'm really high!" — Wilt Chamberlain

ARCHERS
HYPOCHONDRIACS
"Wipe that smile off your face!"—Leonardo Da Vinci
OPTIMISTS
PEEPING TOMS
SUNGLASSES
GIRL WATCHERS
PACIFISTS
BUTTERFLY COLLECTORS
PATRIOTS
TV ADDICTS
BOOZE HOUNDS

If there was unemployment back in the days of history, chances are the Famous and Infamous figures of the past would have found themselves without a job. Their only alternative would be to advertise for work in the HELP-WANTED section of the newspaper. Like these . . .

HELP-WA

Former Count Available As Night Watchman

Likes to sleep days. Previously worked in large castle; now getting too old (208) for the cool night air. Cannot offer any previous references (all deceased of mysterious marks on neck). Would prefer working with people who do not wear crosses, and do not have garlic on their breaths. Want job I can sink my teeth into. Will start at bottom and work up. Need money to pay for orthodontist. Write: Box G, Transylvania.

Band of merry men desire $$$-making work;

have all types of swinging characters; experienced as a group; can really entertain a crowd; last job was messenger work—picking up from rich and giving to poor; write: merry men, sherwood forest.

VIENNA PSYCHIATRIST NEEDS HELP;

Must have job or I'll go crazy myself; excellent background in giving advice on all subjects to all kinds of people; have only one hangup myself, I hate my mother. Also I think all ink blots look like my Aunt George; other than that perfectly normal; consider job as couch salesman; contact: S. Freud, Box N.G., Vienna.

BEARDED GOURMET KING SEEKS MOONLIGHTING JOB:

Need money to pay alimony to all my ex-wives who have managed to escape the axe; experienced with turkey legs and beard twirling; would make great gigolo as women lose their heads over me. Contact: Henry, Box 8, England.

DESPERATE FATHER OF COUNTRY

Needs second job to support large family. Honest, reliable, have never told a lie. Experienced chopping down cherry-trees, throwing half-dollars across rivers, standing up and acting silly in boats. Willing to take anything because in present job there's no advancement. Contact: Box 1776, Valley Forge.

Bard poet seeks job as creative food copywriter;

can come up with winning slogans like "a steak by any other name would taste as good!" also "wherefore art thou, roquefort salad dressing?" even, "will they tip or won't they tip, that is the question!" you can't pass up this chance; remember—"tis better to have hired and fired than never to have hired at all." write: bard of avon, stratford.

"There's something fishy at the bottom of this . . ."—Anabel Lee

NTED ADS from the pages of history

Written by GUY THOMAS

UGLY DEFORMED BELLRINGER SEEKS EASIER EMPLOYMENT;

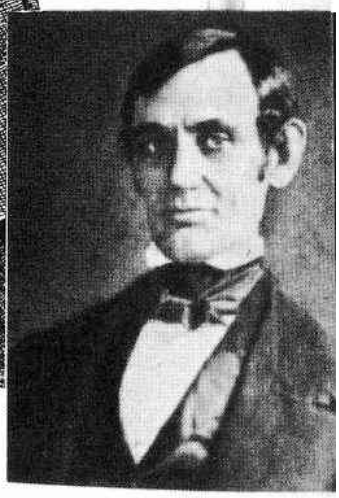
Will bend over backwards to do the job well; if you dig distortion I have a hunch you'll like me; prefer job where I don't come into contact with people—like steeplejack, chimney sweeper, Edsel dealer; have a little problem now but hope to be fully straightened out soon; write: Bell Ringer, c/o Notre Dame Cathedral.

FORMER KNIGHT SEEKS JOB;

looking for new employer due to love triangle that developed during last employment as fearless knight for well-known king; have had 'on-job' training with sword fighting and walking around in armor; I also make a handsome figure at head of round table; am very chivalrous, and originator of the idea of fighting for a woman's honor; would like jobs enabling me to rescue fair maidens in distress; perhaps a bouncer in a house of ill-repute? contact: sir lancelot c/o the round table.

MASKED MAN WITH WHITE HORSE AVAILABLE

Need a real avenger to help you fight evil in your town? I come complete with Good Guy outfit including white horse, silver bullets, and faithful Indian sidekick, who is handy with bow and arrow, fly-swatter, and obscene smoke signals. Hire the two of us for the price of one. Contact: L. Ranger, Box 69, The Old West.

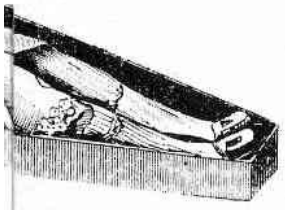


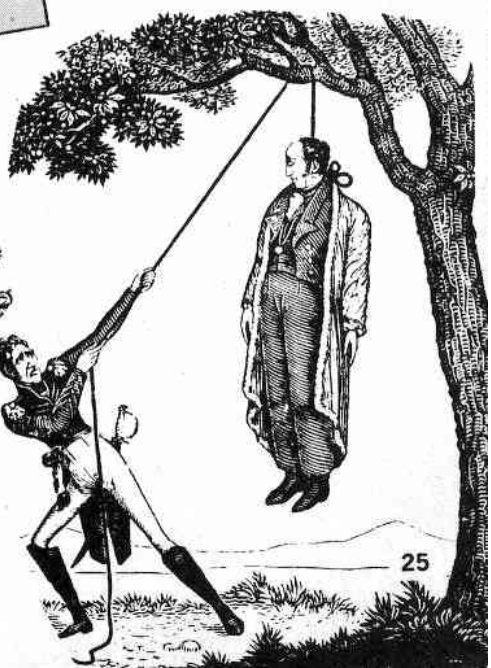
Former Moors Worker Wants Outdoor Work;

Looking for suitable position as Funeral Director, Grave Digger, or just plain wandering character. Perfect dreary personality for hanging around cemeteries or damp, foggy places. Would prefer job that takes me far away from present location as some crazy woman keeps following me around here calling my name. Write: P.O. Box 9, Wuthering Heights.

EX-HOUSE PAINTER AND DICTATOR SEEKS EXECUTIVE POSITION;

Used to being leader and having own way; Dynamic personality; Experienced in giving long, vibrant speeches on a wide variety of topic's ranging from Hatred of Minorities to Hatred of Majorities; Real shirt-sleeve worker; desires to get ahead in the world by hook or by crook; Contact: A. Shikelgruber, Argentina.

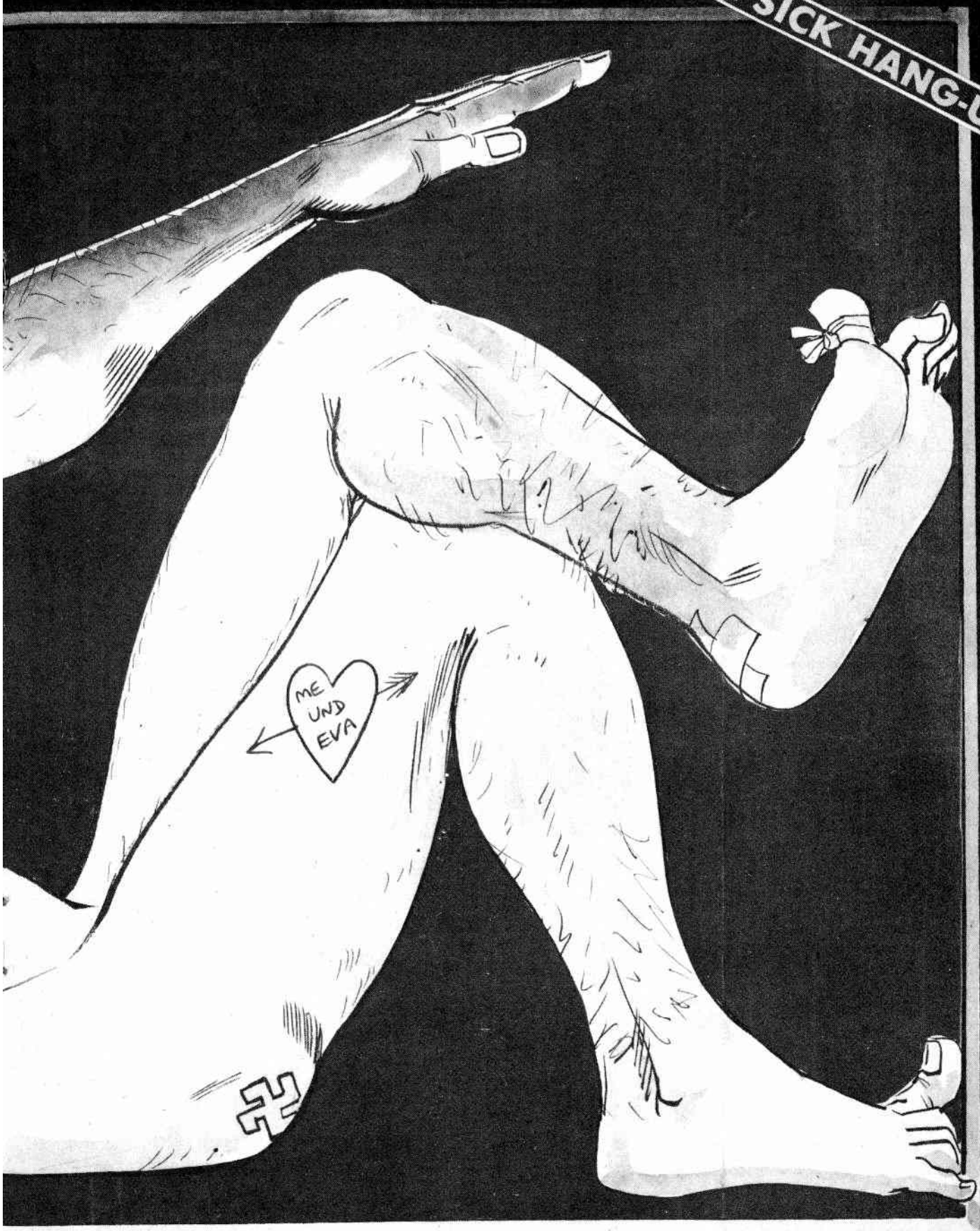




PLAYMATE OF

THE MONTH

A SICK HANG-UP



painted by JACK SPARLING

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"This is a job? Blowing a ram's horn all day?"

—**The Hunchback of Temple Emanuel**

Sick Sick

MAKE AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

Poland: Latest dialogue making the rounds: "What do 1492, 1776 and 1812 have in common?" Answer: "They're adjacent rooms at the Warsaw-Hilton!"

Los Angeles: A bank robber broke into a new Chase Manhattan Savings Bank opening day and stole 9 toasters, 6 travel irons and a box of nylons.

Toledo: Mrs. Emma Zilch of nearby Akron won a nationwide contest to find America's cleanest housewife. She took first prize after demonstrating how she puts newspaper under the cuckoo clock.

Miami Beach: Small sign around the neck of an auto accident victim here: "I am a comedy writer. In case of accident write down everything funny that happens on the way to the hospital."

Mayo Clinic: AMA reports that doctors are getting a little too indulgent. One MD was disbarred because of his unorthodox bedside manner. Seems he made his patients come to **his** bedside.

Israel: In honor of the new Premier of Egypt, in Tel Aviv a tree will be uprooted in his name. Incidentally, a man robbed a local Hadassah chieftain and got away with $20,000. In pledges!

Las Vegas: Phyllis Diller reported that she got an obscene phone

World

SICKIE OF THE MONTH

Italian Marriage Proposal:

"You're gonna have a **what?**"

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE

call. She told police, "He talked and talked, I thought he'd never shut up!"

Newark: Talk-about-towns-so-tough-that Dep't. A local school teacher got this note: "Please excuse Johnny for being absent—for twenty years!" And on the bulletin board of the local Post Office here: "$5,000 Reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of **anyone!"**

Denver: A leading scientist recently injected a parrot with gorilla glands and got a 400 lb. bird. Now when it speaks it says, "Polly wanna cracker . . . **NOW!"**

Times Square: You Gotta Have Heart Dep't. One of New York's Finest recognized a little old lady in the street recently. She was ill, broke, despondent and had nowhere to turn. Now this cop took pity on her. He remembered her from the old days when she was the town nymphomaniac. So he put her in the Old Men's Home.

Hollywood: Marriage on the Rocks? When a famed actor was asked if he ever talked to his wife while making love, he replied: "Only if there's a telephone handy."

New York City: Pollution problems. The smog is getting so bad that when one mugger told his victim to get his hands up he had to ask: "Are you sure they're up?"

Washington, D.C.: Inflation note. In these high-priced times even words have changed their value. Nowadays an **after-dinner mint** is what you need to pay the restaurant check.

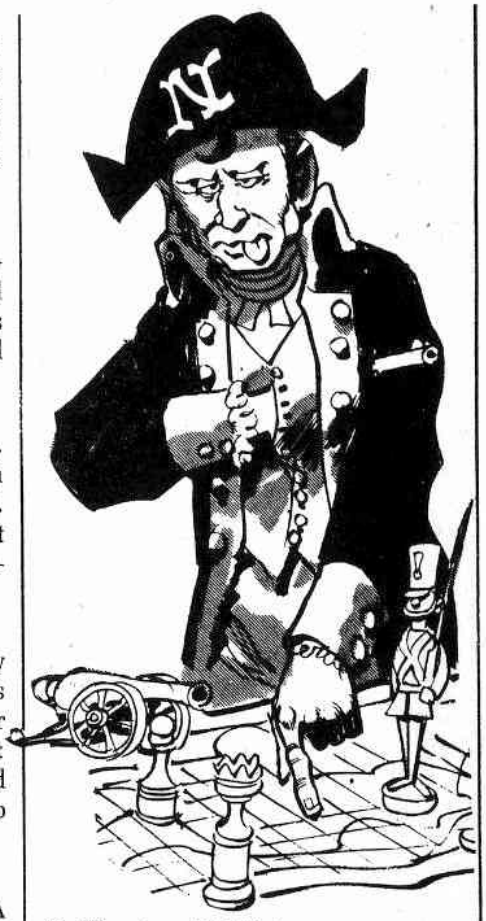
Chicago: When a local playboy sobered up the morning after his wedding he immediately filed for divorce, giving as his reason: "She's so ugly, it takes a Polaroid camera a whole hour to develop her picture!"

Arizona: Man's best friend? A sports fan brought his dog back to the pet shop for a refund. It was a **Boxer**—and it kept throwing every fight.

Oregon: A noted conservationist berated a lady for wearing a fur coat by saying: "Some poor little animal had to suffer to give you that." To which she replied: "That's no way to talk about my husband!"

International Press: A reporter claims to have seen the following sign in front of a house of worship: "If You're Through With Sin, Come In." And written underneath in lipstick was: "If not, call Gloria at Regent 3-4462."

Maine: Ralph Nader just bought a faulty truss, and is suing the company for non-support.



California: Politicians are now considering a bill that will permit prisoners to have female companionship in their cells. This is bound to create a big problem however—convicts breaking **in!**

Hawaii: An American tourist was arrested at a hula contest recently when he was found smuggling a lawn-mower under his coat. Seems he didn't see the sign "Keep Off The Grass!"

Texas: A foreman on a large ranch fired one of his hands for being a cow-puncher. Seems he keeps punching them in the mouth!

Paris: In an effort to tone down violence in the teaching of French history, grade-school students are now told that the burning of Joan of Arc was just a cook-out that got out of hand.

A PUBLIC DIS-SERVICE ARTICLE:

How to break

From ALICE IN WOMANLAND or THE FEMININE MISTAKE by Margaret Bennett. Copyright (c) 1967 by June Biermann and Barbara Toohey. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc.

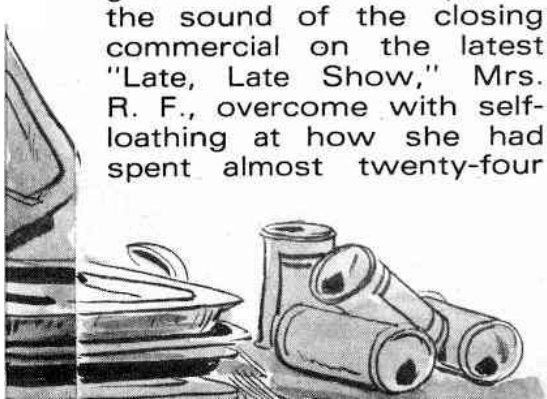
the TV HABIT

by MARGARET BENNETT (illustration by JACK SPARLING)

If you are among the millions of enslaved Americans who daily pollute their minds and weaken their bodies with excessive television viewing, and IF YOU HONESTLY WANT TO QUIT, this article is for you!

The first thing you must realize is that there is no easy method of breaking the habit. All successful cures require a monumental amount of willpower, and no one can do it for you. There are, however, a few methods of control that have proved helpful to others, and one of them may work for you. They are:

1. The Cold Turkey Method—An example of how this works is the case of Mrs. R. F. of Stockton, California, who spent the entire day of Wednesday, March 4, 1967 chain viewing. Without a pause she switched from "The Today Show" to a Jackie Gleason rerun, to two hours of midday serials, to an old Deanna Durban film, and so on through The Lawrence Welk Show and Johnny Carson and right up until the last station went off the air. (Occasionally she absentmindedly turned on an additional set and found herself viewing two programs simultaneously.) At the sound of the closing commercial on the latest "Late, Late Show," Mrs. R. F., overcome with self-loathing at how she had spent almost twenty-four hours of her life, snapped off the set and announced, "I have just quit TV. That was my last program." And she has not seen one since. Though this method requires the greatest strength of character, it has also been responsible for the greatest number of cures.



2. The Tapering Off Method—The viewer calculates the number of programs he watches in a day—say 35. On the first day he watches his regular quota, but the next day he foregoes just one program. On each succeeding day, he views just one less program than on the previous day until he is down to zero on the thirty-sixth day. The pitfall in this method is that as the programs become fewer and fewer, the addict clings more and more to those that remain, indulging in constant program fantasies during the nonviewing periods. A Mrs. L. J. of Denver reported that using the tapering off method she developed such a Huntley-Brinkley fixation that she ultimately had to seek professional help to rid herself of it.

3. The Substitution Method—In this method the victim attempts to alleviate his craving for television by substituting for it some other gratification, such as hi-fi or motion pictures. The danger, of course, is in choosing a poor substitute. For instance, one man attempting to give up TV had music by Muzak piped into every room of his house. After six months of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and "Bibbity Bobbity Boo," he developed symptoms of physical, mental, and emotional deterioration far worse than anything ever brought on by his previous addiction to television.

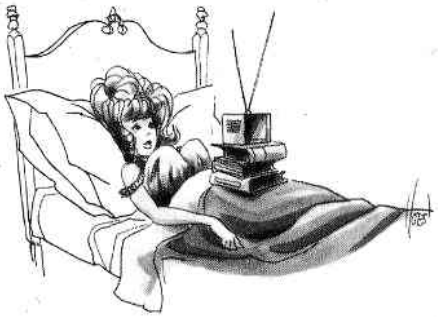
4. The Out Of Sight Out Of Mind Method—This is often effective because it pits one weakness against another. The television set is hidden away in some inaccessible place as far as possible from an electrical outlet. When the viewer wishes to see a program, he must with great expenditure of energy wrestle the set out of its hiding place. One drawback of this method, however, is illustrated by the case of K. R. of Cape Girardeau, Missouri. He was well on the road to breaking the vice's control over him, ably assisted by his 200-pound color portable. One evening, however, when he was dragging it down from its spot behind two old steamer trunks in the attic, he slipped a disc. He was forced to go into the hospital and remain for treatment. While he was there in bed, some well-meaning charitable organization went through the wards distributing television sets. Mr. R's viewing habits not only returned but were solidly reenforced.

5. The Blank Cartridge Method—With this system the viewer does everything

(continued on next page)

"Can you lend me some money, I'm a little short!"—Mickey Rooney

"Did he say I should call him back?"—Fanny Hill

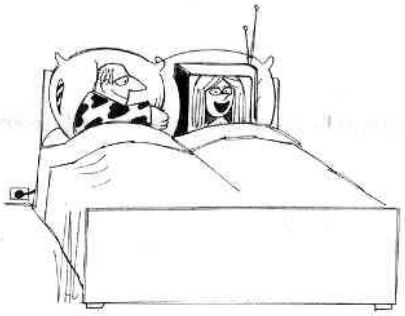


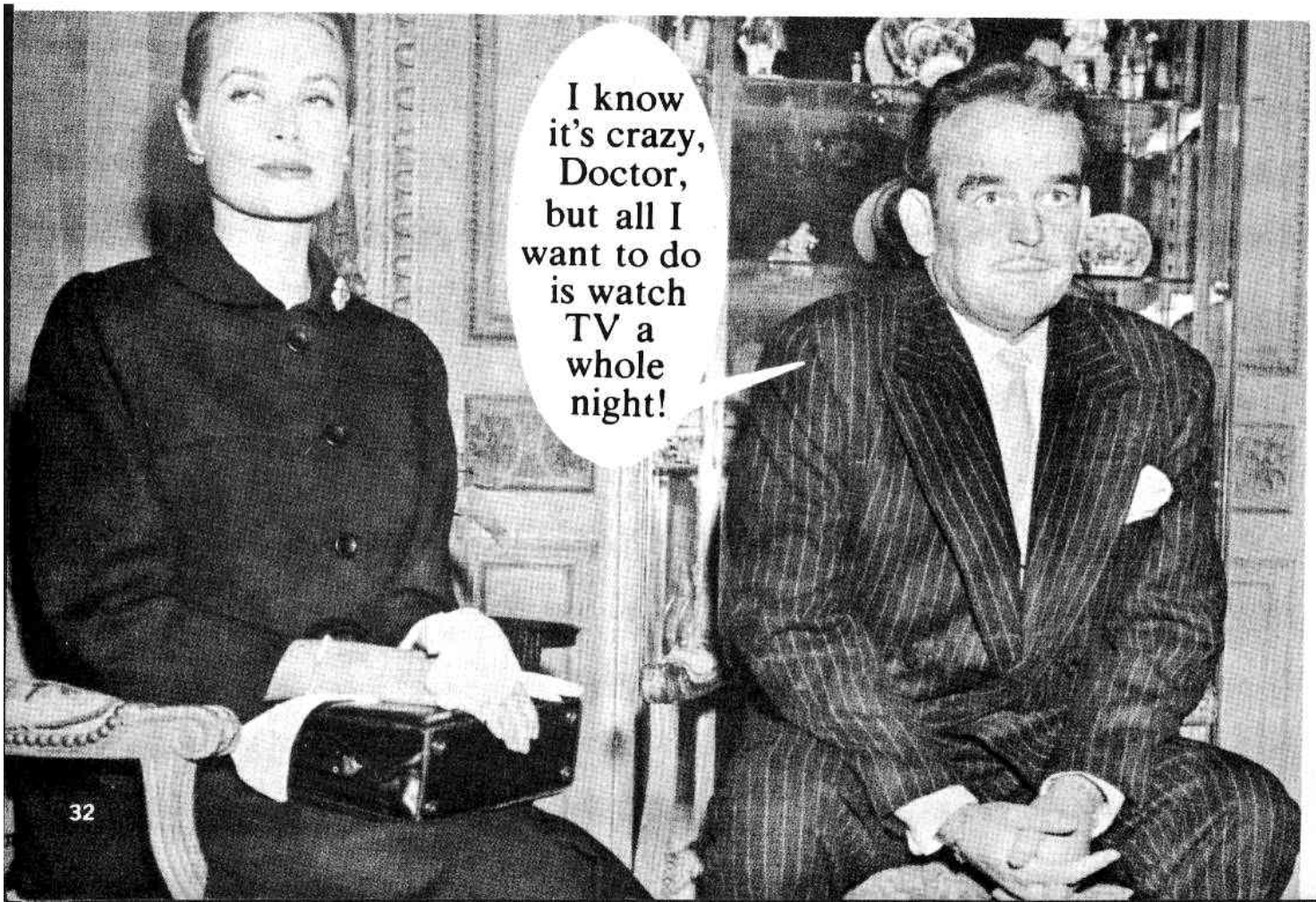
he normally would—looks up the program in his TV log, turns on the set, finds the channel, makes all the adjustments, turns on the TV lamp, settles into his TV chair, puts his feet on the hassock, and munches his TV dinner or TV snack with his eyes fixed on the screen. The only difference here is that **the set is not plugged in.** This enables the viewer to enjoy all the pleasurable sensations associated with television without running the risks of actual viewing. One gentleman in Bismarck, South Dakota, who wanted his wife, a chronic viewer, to break the habit, secretly began pulling the plug out of the wall before he left for work every morning. Each evening when he came home, he would ask her how TV was that day. "Oh, fine," she would reply with her customary vagueness, "just the same as usual." After a month he told her what he had been doing, and she was delighted to learn that her addiction had been cured in such a painless manner.

Whatever the method used, those who have been successful in breaking the habit are unanimous in saying, "It's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. I get more sleep now, my work has improved, I enjoy my food more since I stopped watching during meals, and I've lost those unsightly red-rimmed viewer's eyes which used to embarrass me."

Those close to the reformed viewer are equally pleased. One happy wife whose husband quit expressed her satisfaction in this manner: "It got to the point that I didn't want to kiss John. The very air around him was heavy with stale commercials. But, now," she said with a blush, "we're like newlyweds again."

You, too, can join the liberated ones. All it takes is determination. Whenever you start to weaken, think how it will feel some fine Sunday evening when, at a social gathering, your host turns to you and says, "Would you like to see Ed Sullivan?" and you hear yourself replying, "No, thanks, I don't watch TV—gave it up several months ago."





Every day we pick up the newspaper we read of another strike. In fact, about the only time we don't is when the newspaper *itself* is on strike. It's gotten so bad that the guys who make the strike signs recently went on strike. So how does all this affect the average man on the street? We'll *show* you, with this striking version of...

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TYPICAL FAMILY *IN STRIKESVILLE, U.S.A.*

Script by WARREN EMERY

Art by LUGOZE

"If you ask me you're all a bunch of animals!"—Noah

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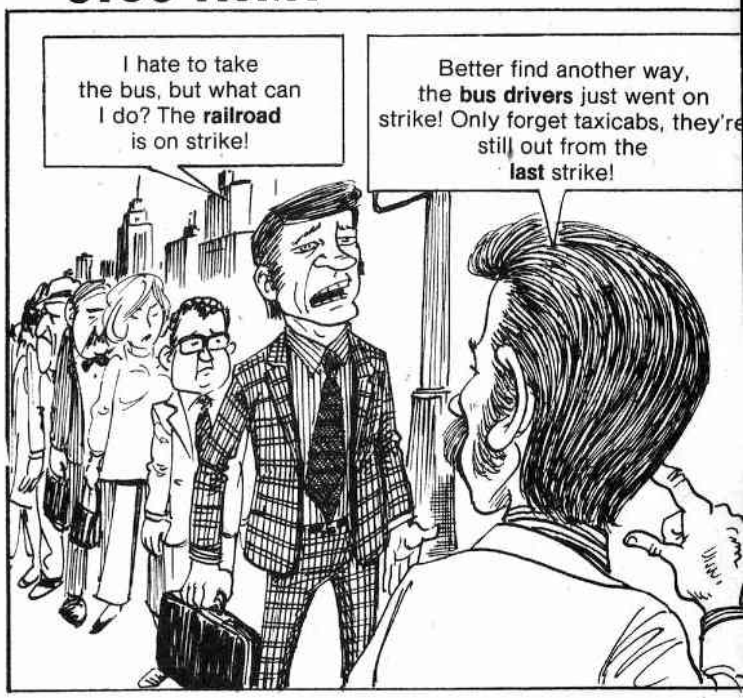
8:30 A.M.



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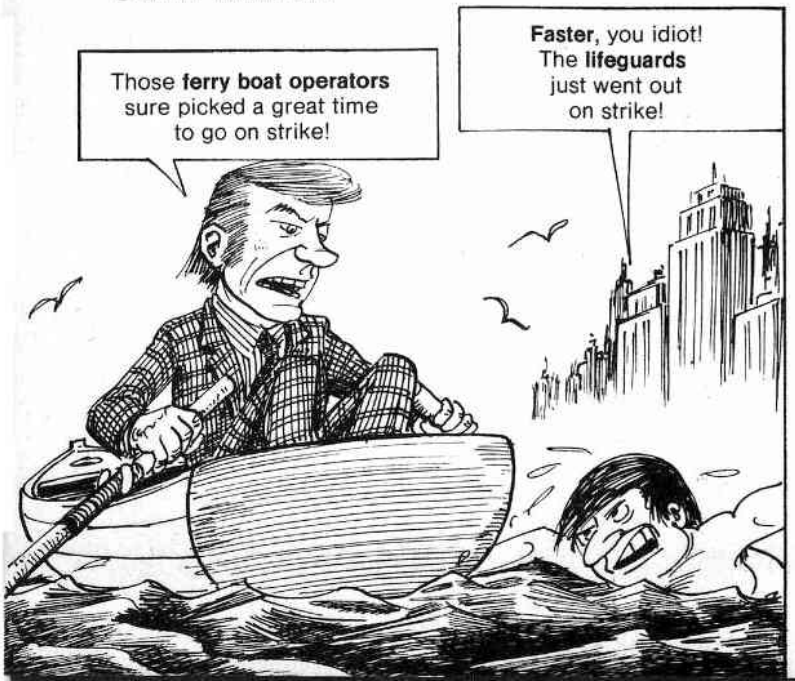

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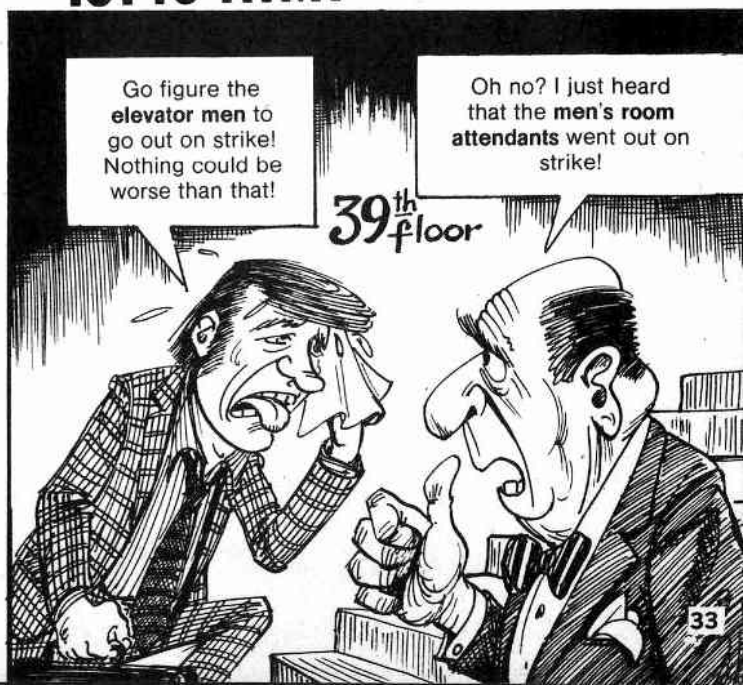

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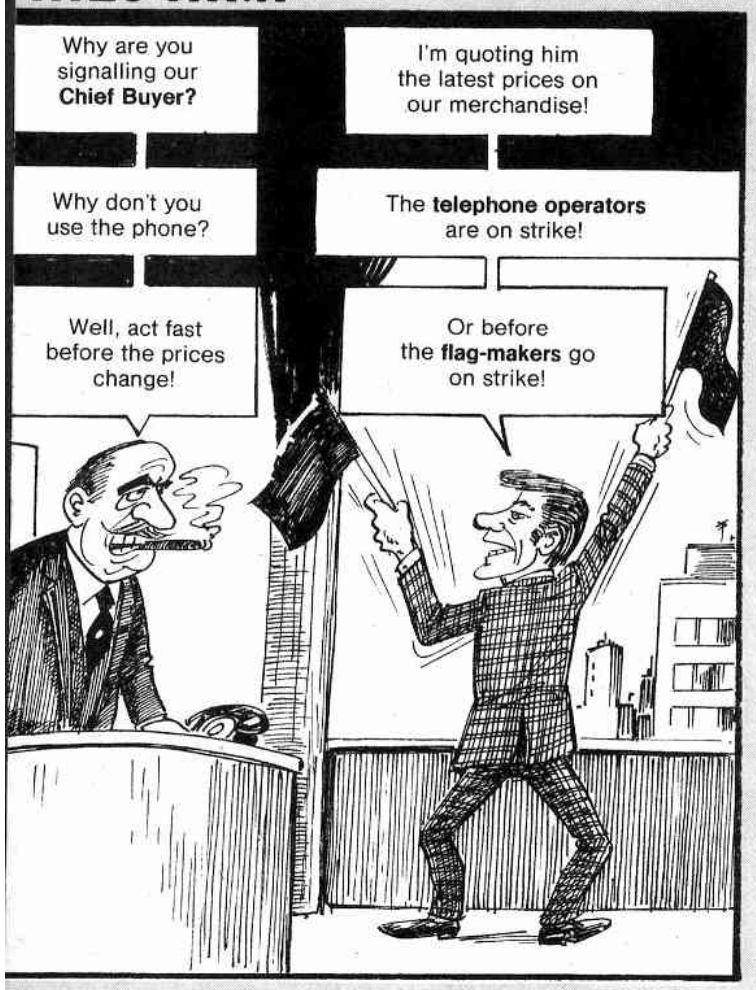

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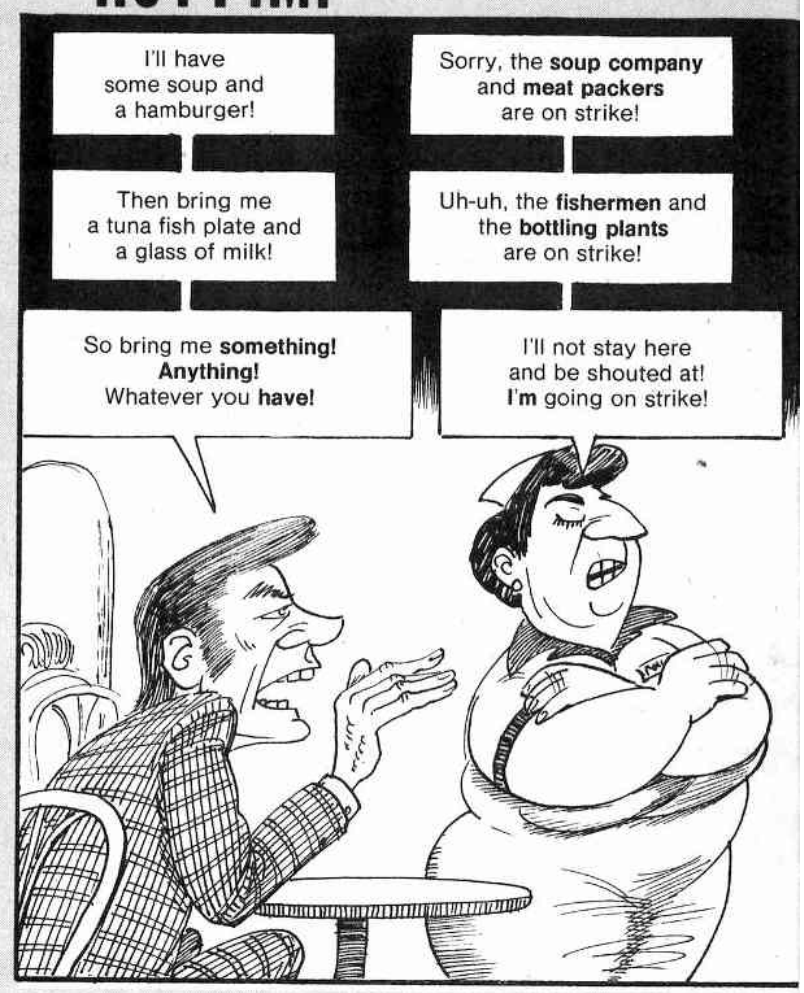

"We can't go on meeting like this . . ."—John Foster Dulles

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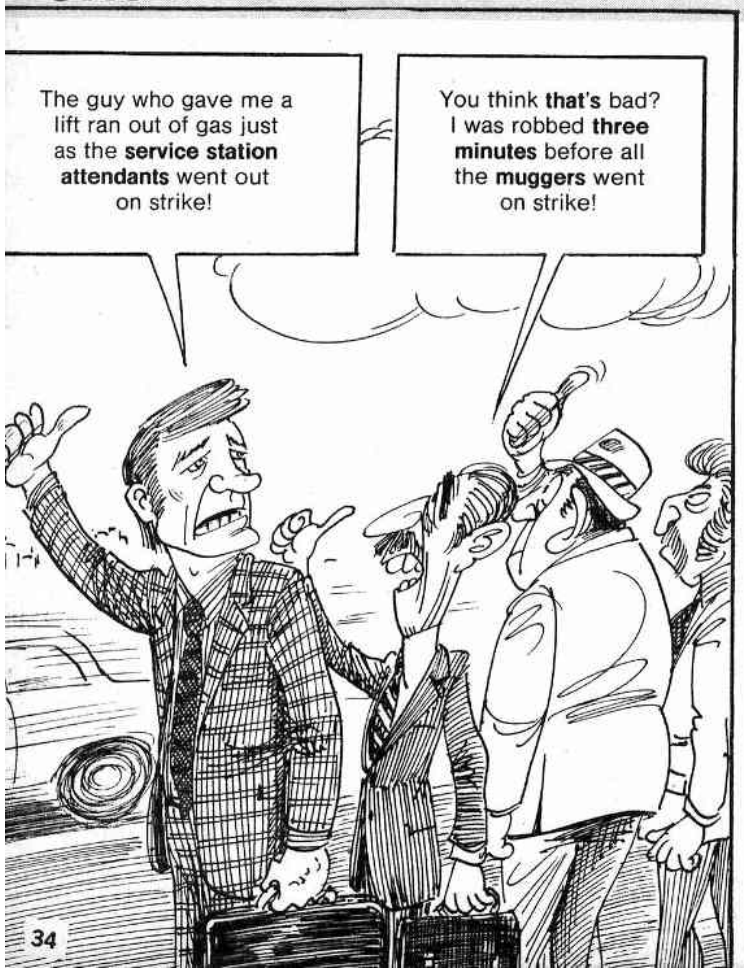

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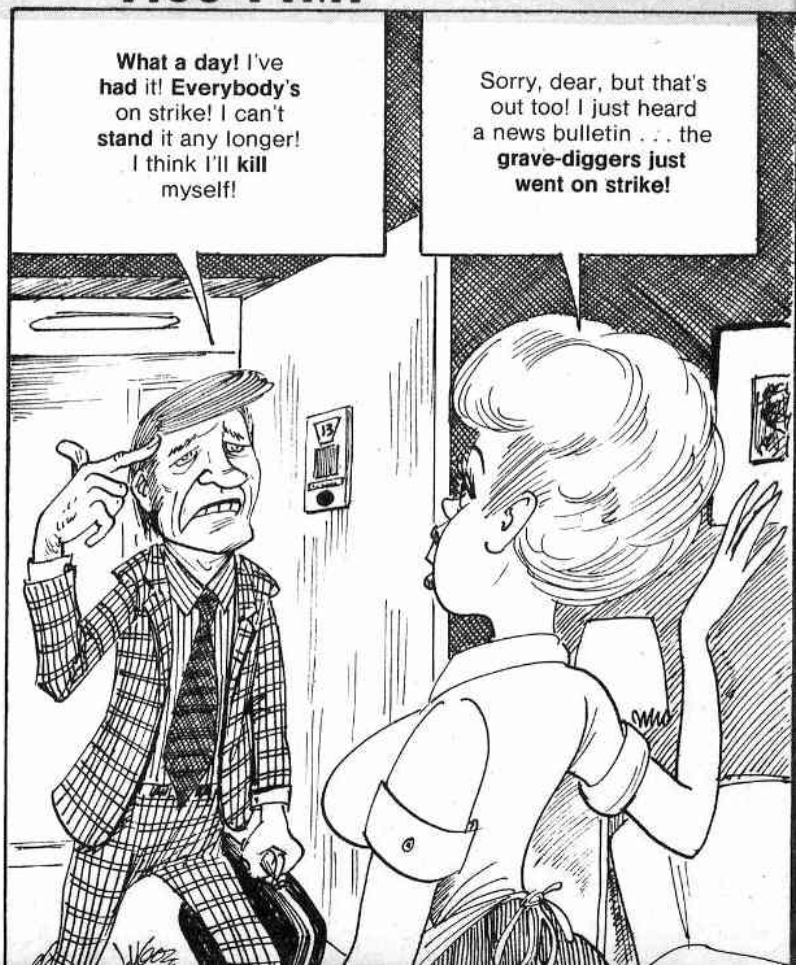


MOVIE REVIEW:

by FRED WOLFE

This time out we review a movie that just set a new record at the box-office. Namely, from the number of people who stayed away! This is because people passing by think it's a story about mad dogs. What else, with a ridiculous title like . . .

THE WILD ROVERS

Talk about violence! Shooting! Lynching! Tar and feathers! No, this doesn't happen in the picture. It happens *after* the picture, when the management refuses to refund the audience's money! This is the story of two guys who ride tall in the saddle—until the blisters break on their backsides.

William Holden and Ryan O'Neal are cast as Ross Bodine and Frank Post. They make their living punching cows—and occasionally slapping a few bulls around. They work very hard for their money and are careful not to

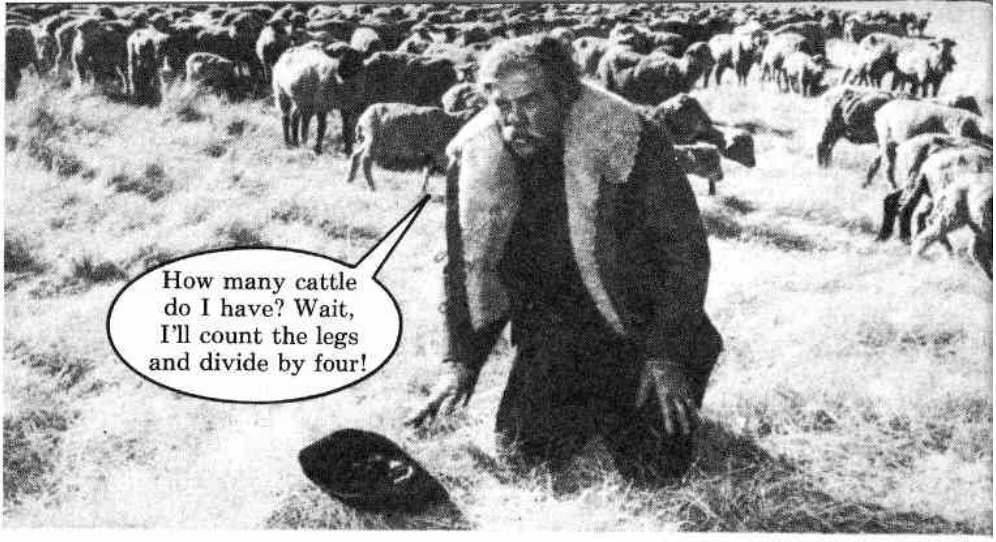
"Not a mop, stupid, you need a shovel for that!"—Ed Sullivan

They were darn good cowboys until they decided to become cowgirls . . .

spend it foolishly. They give every cent they make to Mother. Mother runs the local saloon, gambling house and Rent-A-Girl Service.

Bodine and Post work for a rich cattle baron named Walt Buckman (Karl Malden) who was recently thrown out of the local Country Club for changing the name of his exclusive ranch to the Bar Mitzvah. Buckman comes from the old mold. And that's a pretty good description of him—old and mouldy. Even though he is loaded, he makes everyone in his family work, including his wife, who he has string barbed wire—as a necklace!

Buckman started out with only a few cows and now, after working thirty years, has over twenty thousand head of cattle. No bodies, just heads. But although money keeps rolling in, Buckman's wife complains bitterly about



keeping all that cattle—especially in the living room. However, Buckman can't help admiring that beautiful spread. Not on the ranch—on his wife's middle. He is content just to ship his bulls all over the country. In fact, he is known by everybody as the biggest bull-shipper in the West.

One day a ranch-hand named Barney Drago is stomped to death by his horse, after giving him a lump of sugar. Nobody knows what made the nag go wild, until they remember that the sugar cubes were given to them by a passing traveler named Timothy Leary. Post and Bodine are put in charge of funeral arrangements and are asked to take the body to the distant town of Maiden—a town so named because it's right in the middle of virgin territory.

Because of this death, Post and Bodine become philosophical about the shortness of life and figure they're never going to get rich busting broncs. And so they decide to stop horsing around and agree to go into the banking business together — with masks and guns. They figure that as bank robbers, even though they might get caught, at least they'll get their picture in the papers.

At first they think of slipping the teller a personal note, but decide he might get the wrong idea after noticing the queer way he always rides around town side-saddle. Instead, they hold the bank manager's wife hostage until he opens the safe and brings them the money. The bank manager takes a long time making up his mind after looking at his homely wife, but finally agrees. He figures he can always murder her later on and collect the insurance anyway.

And so when he brings them the money, Post and Bodine almost get a double hernia. This is because the bank manager brings them over sixty thousand dollars—all in pennies! Worse luck is soon to follow when a mountain lion rips open Bodine's horse, forcing Post and Bodine to ride together. They do this by holding each other around the middle, one behind the other. All goes well until they happen to run into a group of "gay caballeros." Needing a second horse badly, they visit a Civil War veteran named Black Ben to get one of the mules he raises on his ranch. To repay kindly old *Uncle Ben* they give him an invaluable piece of advice. Namely, give up raising jackasses and

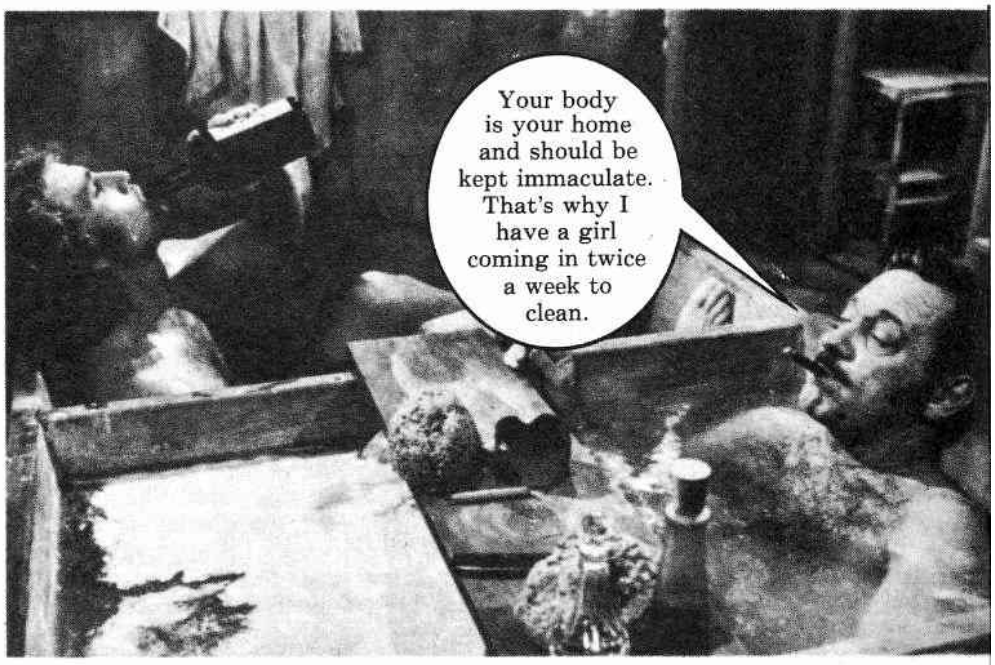
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!"—Twiggy

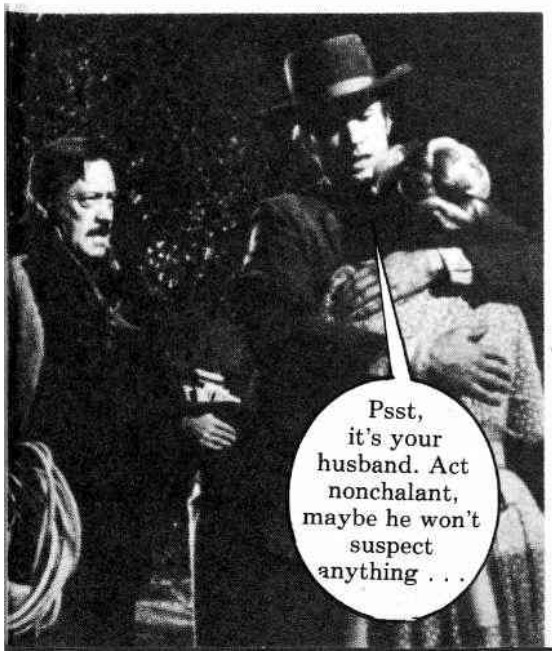
start raising *Converted Rice* instead. The rest is history.

The two cowboys are now off to Mexico, with Uncle Ben's words ringing in their ears: "Don't drink the water!" The boys aren't as dumb as they look though. They know that if they do drink the water they'd be able to out-run any posse! It seems however, that the posse from their home town has given up the chase. But Post and Bodine are now being pursued by Buckman's two sons, Paul and John, who are the two weirdest kids of all. What other kids do exactly what their fathers tell them?

Wanting to make a lot of time—both away from the posse and with the girls in the next town, our two blundering bank robbers now look for faster transportation than the mule Bodine is riding. Post spots a Mustang, but Bodine tells him he'd rather have a Cadillac. And so they settle for a wild horse they trap in a box canyon. They win this horse's confidence by showing him the center foldout of a lady horse in the cattleman's edition of "Playboy." They now head for Laramie, which they hear is a

"swinging" city. Turns out they're right. The first sight that greets them there are three guys swinging from trees!





In Laramie, the two start off their new high life by being rubbed down in the nude by trained ladies in a massage parlor. These girls really live off the fat of the land. Everything is going great guns until Post makes what turns out to be a fatal mistake, when he sits in on a poker game. At first, he makes a huge pile—which the handyman quickly cleans up. However, as he attempts to rake in a large pot, he is shot. Another player claims Post had eight aces up his sleeve. Which is ridiculous since he's only wearing a T-Shirt. Nevertheless, Post starts shooting up everything in sight including the gambler, the bartender, a call girl waiting in a phone booth and, by the looks of the haphazard scene, the cameraman himself!

Post and Bodine are forced to go on the run again—having gotten a head start drinking gallons of prune juice. Bodine tries to cut the bullets out of Post and manages to make two very professional incisions in his friend's right side. Unfortunately, his friend was shot on the left side, and so soon after he dies. Having buried his friend, Bodine now loses heart—which is shot out of him by one of Buckman's sons. This is after the boys' father was killed by a sheepherder, who is also killed. Now all this is in keeping with the general tone of the movie—which plays like it was put together by a writer, producer and director who were all half-shot to begin with!

END

"One of these days I gotta straighten out . . ."—Quasimodo

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gymble in the wabes . . ."—Ethem Zimbalist, Jr.

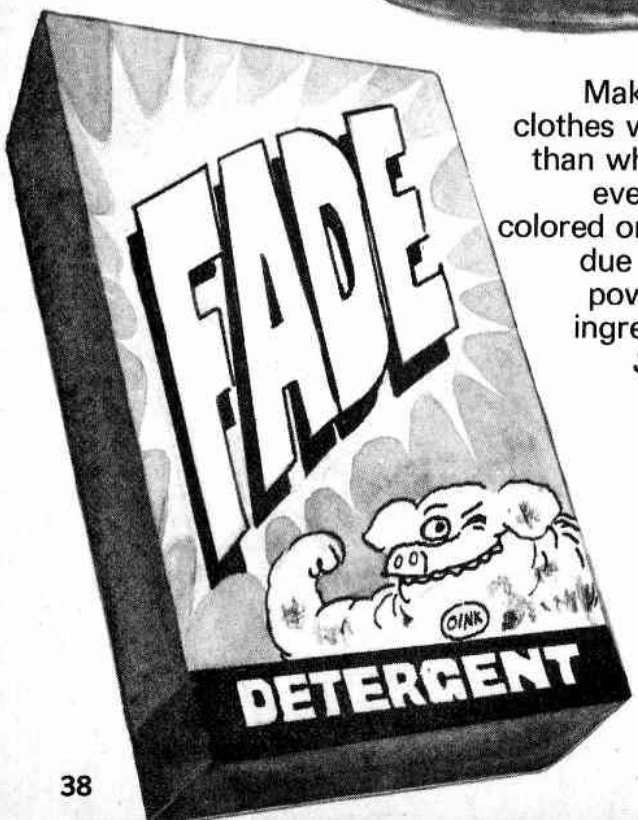
"Well, it won't be long now . . ."—Delilah

Colors hair permanently and leaves a lasting shine. This is because it's made of *shoe polish.*

Gets teeth sparkling white and fills in all cavities, as it contains the secret ingredient *paint.*

NEW! IMP Madison Prod

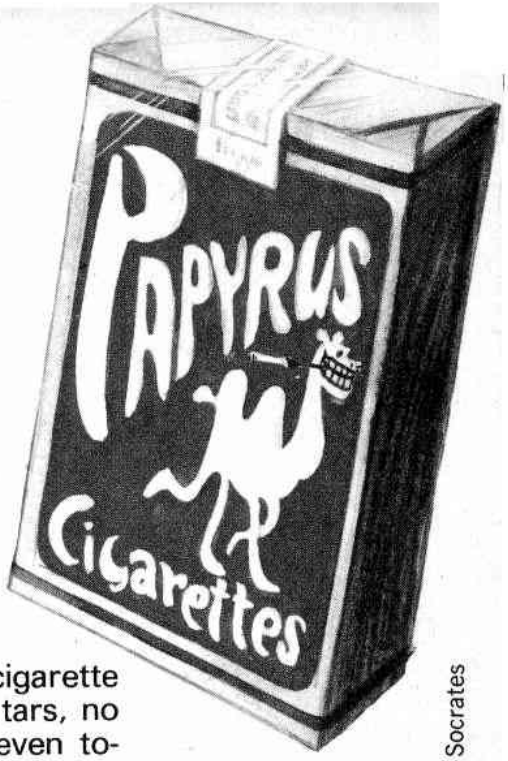
You lose weight immediately after taking one pill. What it does is make you throw up everything you ate.



Makes all clothes whiter than white—even the colored ones—due to its powerful ingredient *Stain.*

Leaves your skin the softest ever and with a deep sheen, since this is the only soap that contains *acid.*

Won't keep you awake and lets you sleep a long time. Mainly it smells so bad you pass out while drinking it.



The mildest cigarette ever—has no tars, no nicotine, not even tobacco. What you do is smoke the *paper.*

"I'll drink to that!"—Socrates

ROVED!
Avenue
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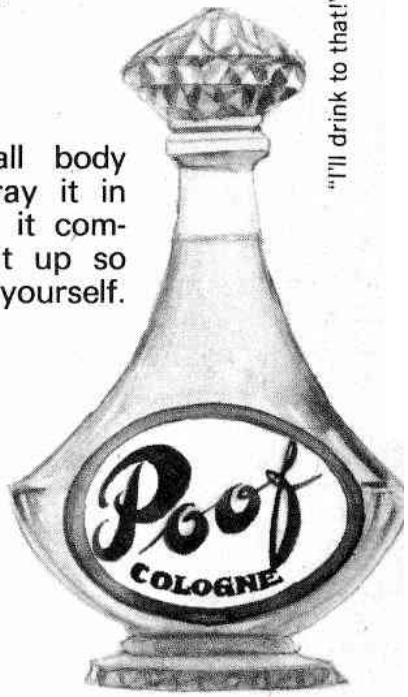
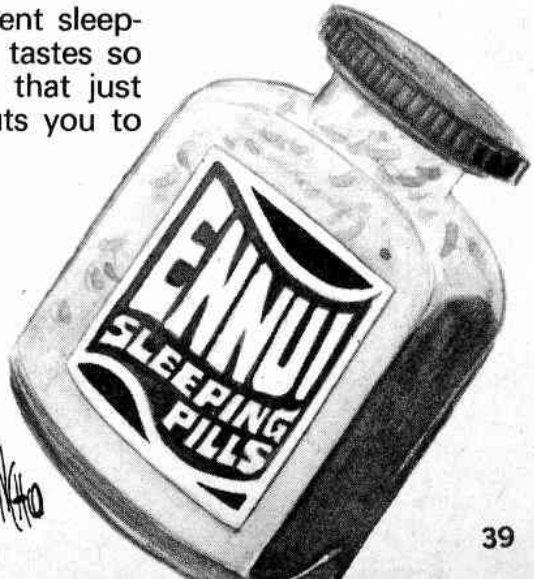
Takes away all body odor. You spray it in your nose and it completely stuffs it up so you can't smell yourself.



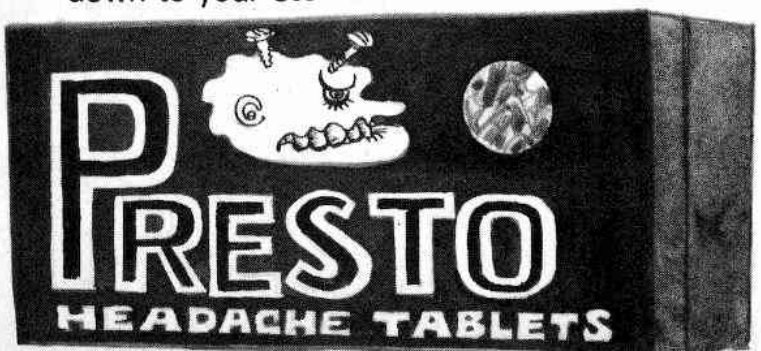
Created by BOB HEIT

Illustrated by
ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

The most potent sleeping pill yet. It tastes so blah and dull that just taking one puts you to sleep.



Gets rid of your headache immediately. What it does is move the pain down to your stomach.



Once again we delve into the past to bring you a classic up-to-date. We do this to inject a little culture in this magazine. Mainly we do this to fill up a couple of pages in this magazine—as we present . . .

HO

MER'S ILIAD
for today's Poetry Lovers

Text by FRED WOLFE

Art by JOHN LANGTON

There once was a Helen of Troy
Who ran off with a cool Trojan boy,
Name of Paris, and these two
They made a real boo-boo
Let's proceed to what happened at Troy.

Menalaeus, who was Helen's lord,
He said: "Who took my red-headed broad?
I went out to get bread,
Paris raided my bed,
He'll be nowhere when I get my sword!"

Yes, Queen Helen, with her swinging hips
Made the Greeks launch their whole fleet of ships,
Horns on boats were all wailing
Their whole nation went sailing
Trojan radar showed one thousand blips!

Then the Greeks they proceeded to land,
Tents and blankets they pitched on the sand,
It was there some Greek smarty
Said: "Whee! A beach-party!"
Funicello (Annette) led their band!

Meanwhile Paris was having a ball
While the Greeks tried to scale Troy's big wall,
"Coward Paris!" they swore
When his draft-card he tore
What he switched to, you'd not fight at all!

So the Greeks built themselves a wood horse
That would throw all of Troy for a loss,
Soldiers inside that nag
Said: "Man, this is a drag!
But it's all for the Fuehrer, of course!"

Wily Greeks then pretended to cut out
So the Trojans thought that they would strut out,
Saw the steed on the sand
Said: "Wow! Horsey looks grand!
Would look better inside and not shut out!"

But Cassandra created a racket,
Said the Greeks would burn Troy and then sack it,
Troy would go up in smoke
'Less the Greek horse they broke
(They put Cass. in a strapless straight-jacket)!

So they pulled in this wood booby-trap,
Told Cassandra to close up her yap,
Said: "We can't see one Greek!"
Cass. said: "Soon, up the creek
With no paddle you'll be, you poor saps!"

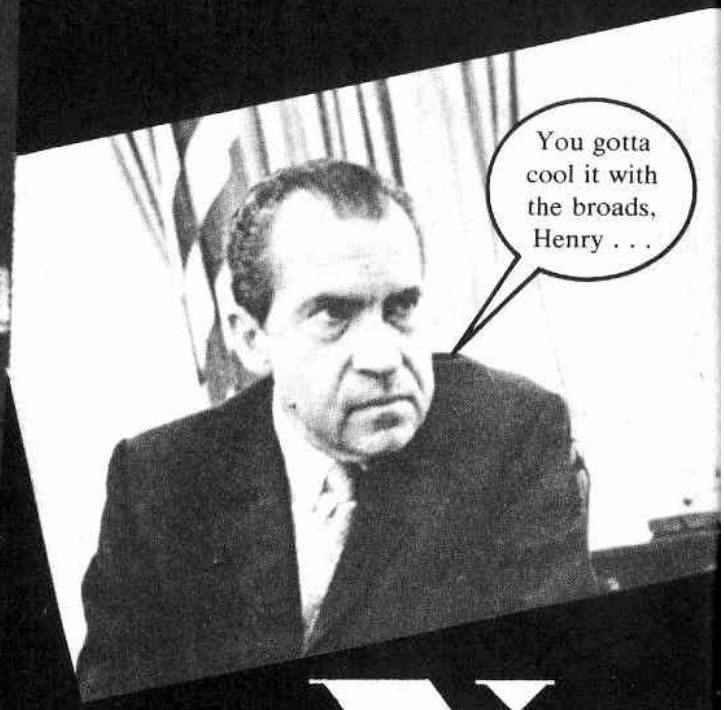
Then they danced in the streets and did neck,
Troy was "Peyton Place" with discotheque,
Did the Frug and the Monkey
Man, those Trojans were spunky
Beat the Greeks (until they saw their check!).

That night when all Troy was asleep,
Out of horsey Greek soldiers did creep,
Opened up Troy's great gates
Seems the guards had late dates
The Greek army roared in on their jeeps!

The rest is sad history, my friend,
Everybody got stabbed (in the *end!)*
Helen went back to hubby
Menalaeus, the tubby,
And to heaven poor Paris he wend!

But some Trojans escaped from this rout,
Hunted one guy North, West, East and South,
Then they cut off the head
Of that dumb clod who said:
"Never look a gift horse in the mouth!"

"Tis better to have loved and lost . . ."—Artie Shaw



"Is that all there is?"—Audrey Hepburn's New Baby

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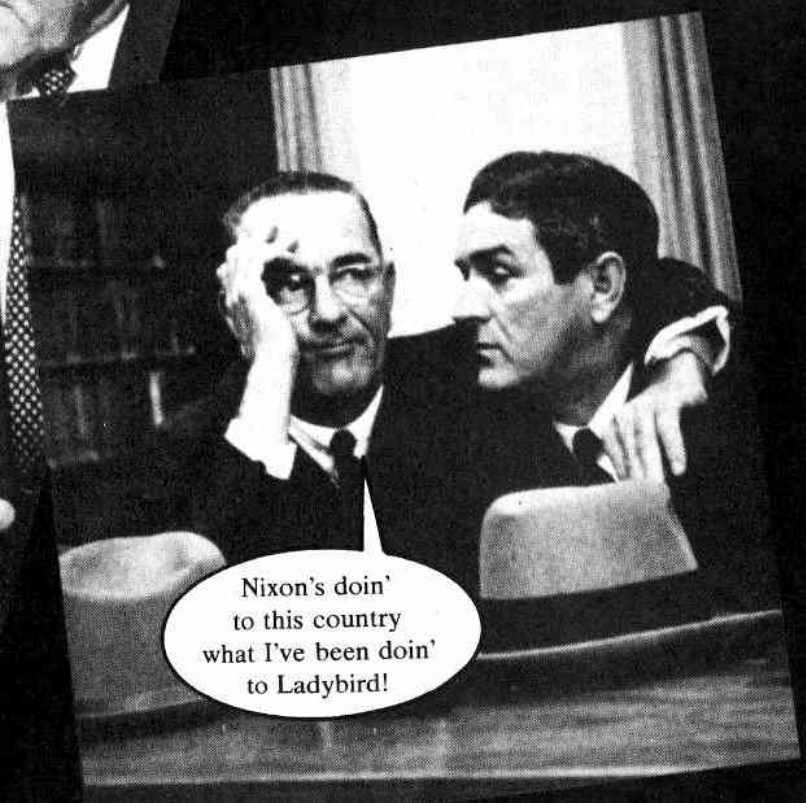

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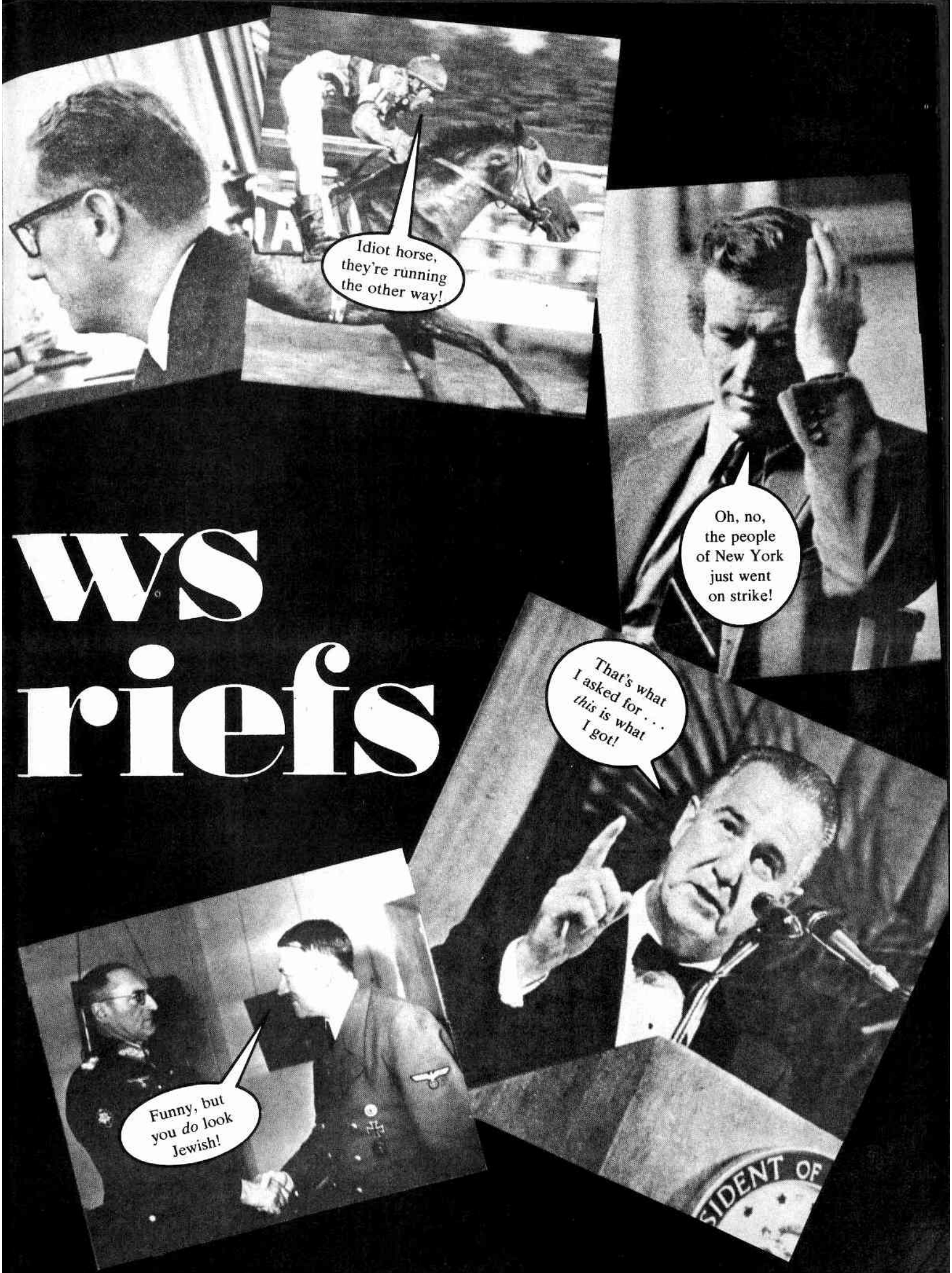
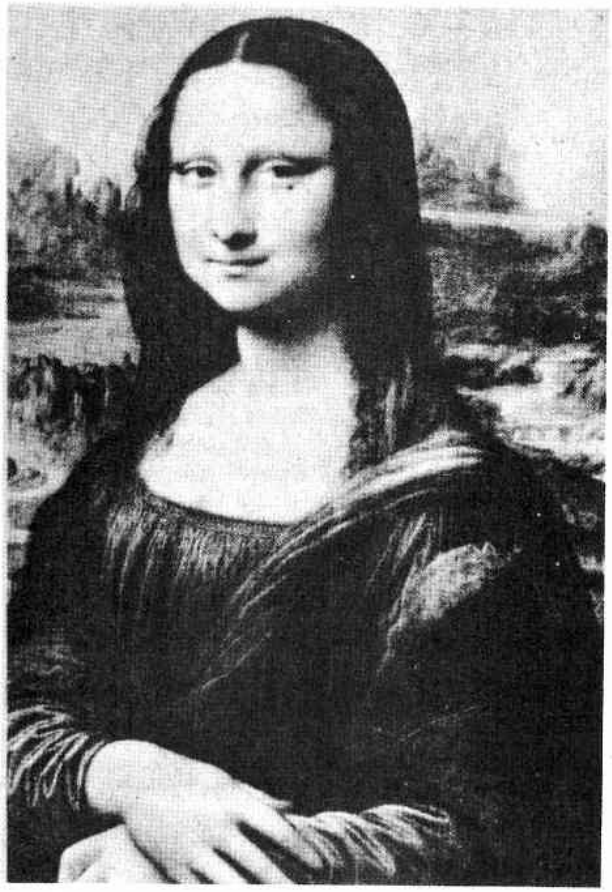

Idiot horse, they're running the other way!
Oh, no, the people of New York just went on strike!
That's what I asked for . . . *this* is what I got!
Funny, but you *do* look Jewish!

ART DEPRECIATION HEADLINES

In the early days of publishing, when photo reproduction was inadequate for mass reproduction, newspapers sent out artists to cover news stories with on-the-spot sketches. Wouldn't it be logical to assume that some of the masterpieces of the day were originally illustrations of topical events, like these—

COPS POSING AS WOMEN TO STOP CITY MUGGINGS

'Operation Decoy' Goes Into Effect



Due to the ever-increasing number of women who are being molested right on our city streets, police from all precincts have started 'Operation Decoy' in which fellow officers disguise themselves as women in order to lure the muggers. Pictured above is one such disguised patrolman who last week brought in 13 men who tried to molest him. When asked how he attracted so many would-be molesters, the officer grinned and replied, "Idunno, maybe it's my smile."

WOMAN REFUSES EVICTION NOTICE

City Fails to Oust Recluse, 86

A stubborn old lady who wouldn't give her name had housing authorities in a dither today by refusing to move out of her condemned apartment in order to make way for a slum-clearance project. The woman, last tenant left on the block of seedy tenement buildings, was believed to be waiting for her son to come to her aid. Every attempt to communicate with the woman has failed as all she does is just sit there whistling.

"I'll never go there again, it cost me an arm and a leg!"—Venus de Milo

TO GREAT ART

FRUIT STORE LOOT TURNS UP IN BRONX

Robbery Still Baffles Police

The loot of a recent fruit store holdup that had been baffling police for several weeks turned up today in a seedy uptown hotel lobby. A fingerprint on a tangerine was the only clue to the identity of the thieves, believed to have abandoned part of their loot while making a getaway. Efforts to obtain further fingerprints were foiled however, as detectives handling the goods found they got paint all over their hands.

UNDERNOURISHED GIRL FOUND ABANDONED

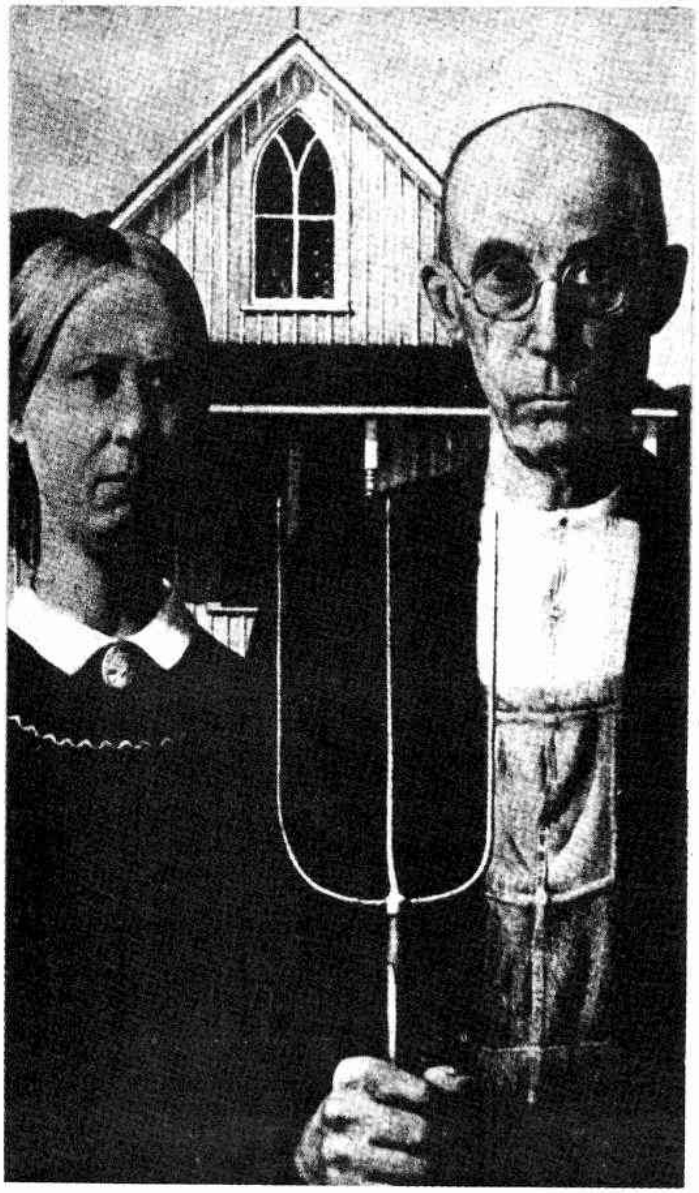
Shapely Teenager Malnutrition Victim

A wide-eyed teenage girl was found today in a complete state of shock allegedly brought about by a severe case of malnutrition. Doctors examining the attractive pony-tailed redheaded beauty reported that her entire body was growing out of proportion from the apparent lack of food. The girl was rushed to a local hospital and treated for an elongated neck condition believed to be a direct result of her experience.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ear . . ."—Vincent Van Gogh

IRATE PARENTS FORCE SHOTGUN WEDDING

Traveling Salesman Marries Farmer's Daughter



The angry farmer parents of a shapely blonde farm girl forced a fast-talking traveling salesman into marrying their daughter at the point of a pitchfork today as neighbors cheered wildly in approval. "Ain't no durn city fella gonna do wrong by my Mary Lou," the father was quoted as saying while the bride giggled merrily throughout the ceremony. The groom, however, was in less jovial spirits as he glared nervously at the steel-bladed pitchfork, obviously missing the point of the whole thing.

BRONX BOY GETS BARMITZVAHED

Only Son of Mr. & Mrs. Blue Honored

PHOTO FINISH AT AQUEDUCT

4 Horses Tie in Last Race

"I know they'll find me soon, nobody ever stays lost in Central Park!" — Amelia Earhart

FOLKSINGER DEFIES POLICE ORDER TO MOVE FROM PARK

Cops Haul Eccentric to Jail

More defiance to the police edict banning folksingers from congregating in the city parks came to light yesterday as an unidentified old guitarist refused to move and kept right on strumming. It was rumored that the man had been living in the park since 1907 but this report was unconfirmed. He was carried away bodily by two policemen right in the middle of "John Henry," continuing the song in a padded cell at the State Hospital where the above picture was taken.

DARK HORSE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT?

Beatnik Throws Beret Into Race

PSYCHIATRIST ARRESTED ON WOMAN'S COMPLAINT

Made Female Patients Disrobe on Couch

POLICE ROUNDING UP UNDESIRABLES

Espresso Shop Raid Nets 13

"I know I'm gonna hate myself in the morning. . . ."—Count Dracula

VIOLENCE BREAKS OUT IN SUBWAY

Rush Hour Scene In Chaos

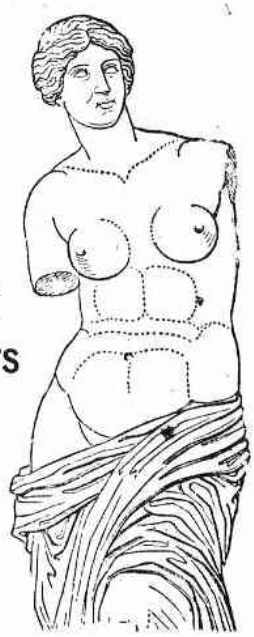
BUSBOY GOES BESERK IN CAFETERIA

Hurls Dishes At Patrons

A crazed busboy went beserk late yesterday during the crowded dinner hour in a downtown cafeteria and began throwing plates of food at terrified customers who stared at him open-mouthed. When police arrived the screaming madman had ripped off all his clothes and was running amok through the dairy section taunting fellow workers with a sizzling hot plate. "Can't understand it," said the manager, "he just flipped his disc!"

VANDALS DESECRATE PARK STATUE

"Indecent" Shout Outraged Viewers



A gang of teenage hoodlums viciously, and with no apparent motive, desecrated a statue in the park late last night in what was described as an act of "savage barbarism." Missing from the statue were the two arms and a sheath of carved stone which had formerly covered the bodice. Residents of the area are urged not to try to apprehend the vandals as they are carrying arms.

STRANGE COUPLE FOUND LIVING IN SUBURBS

Neighbors Complain To Authorities

THE SLEEPING GYPSY

An itinerant folksinger and a strange brooding lion shocked the otherwise placid surroundings of a small New England community late yesterday by setting up housekeeping together on the slope of a nearby hill. "It looks like the scene of some strange, eerie nightmare," was the report of one observer who witnessed the bizarre sight. Neighbors have already petitioned to the Zoning Commission, fearing that real estate values will go down.

"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" — Eldridge Cleaver

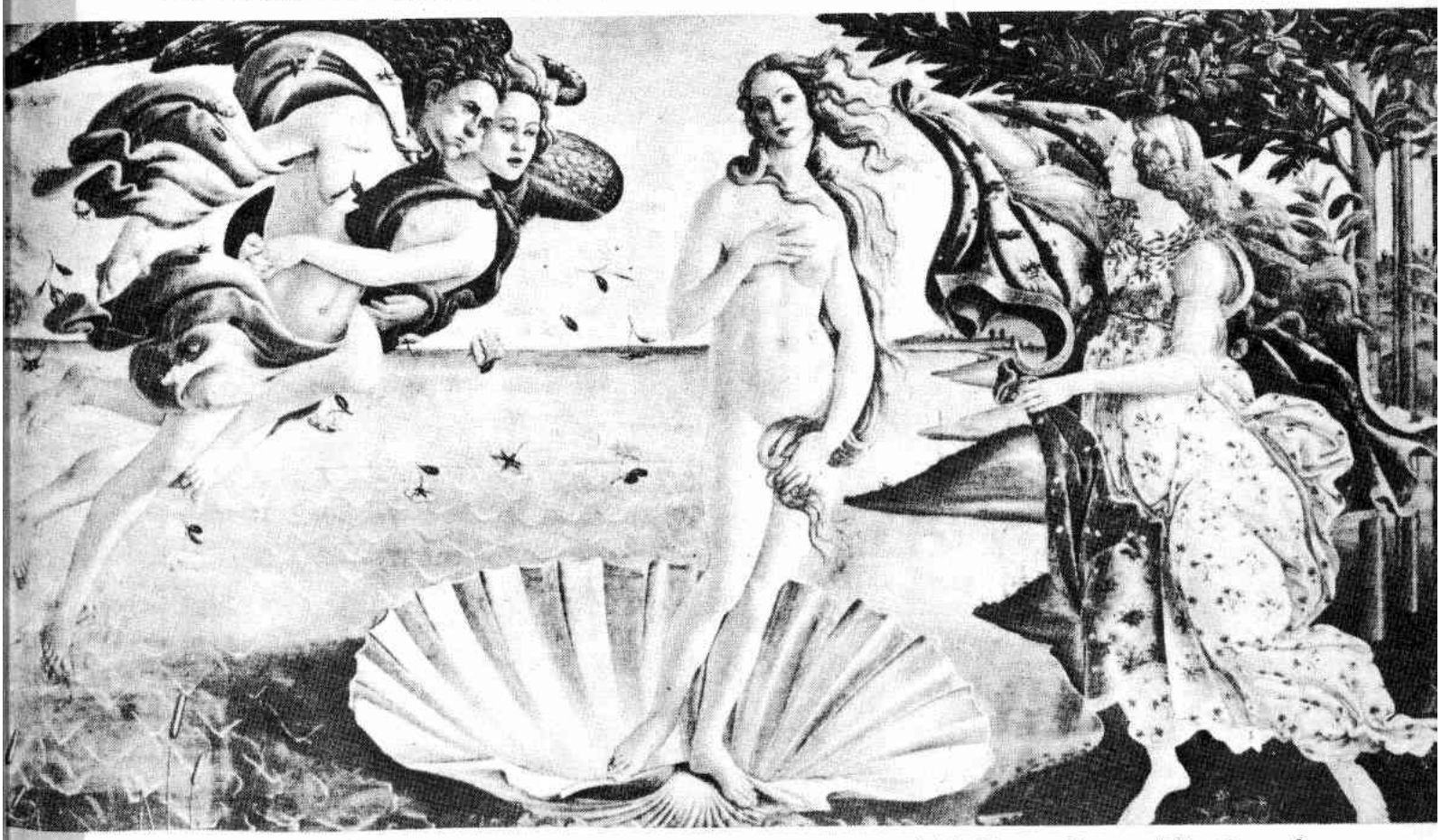
POLICE BREAK UP WILD JAZZ PARTY

NAB 3 FAR-OUT MUSICIANS

Acting on complaints from neighbors, police broke down the door of a well-furnished third-floor apartment last night and found a bizarre jazz party going on. The musicians were clad in unbelievably grotesque costumes and were too intoxicated to give their names. "I've never seen such a sight in all my life," commented one of the arresting detectives, "it's like some weird Picasso painting."

HOLLYWOOD STARLET TRIES WILD PUBLICITY STUNT

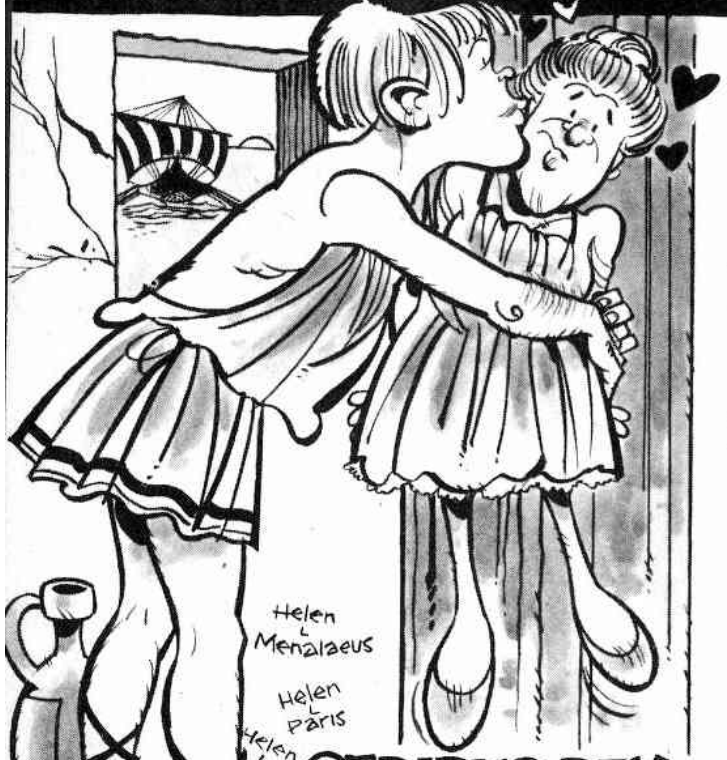
Disrobes in Park, Arrested



A young Hollywood starlet landed in the hoosegow today after disrobing in the middle of a crowded downtown park as spectators looked on in horror. The girl, an attractive redhead with long flaming hair, is having her name withheld pending notification of next of kin. "I was only trying to get the part of Venus in a new picture," cried the shapely beauty as she was seized by 13 policemen and carried away.

SICK as it seems

by LANGTON



OEDIPUS REX DID NOT WANT TO MARRY HIS **MOTHER!**

...ACTUALLY IT WAS HIS *FATHER* HE WANTED TO MARRY... BUT HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TOO SCANDALOUS SO HE DECIDED TO MARRY HIS MOTHER INSTEAD!!

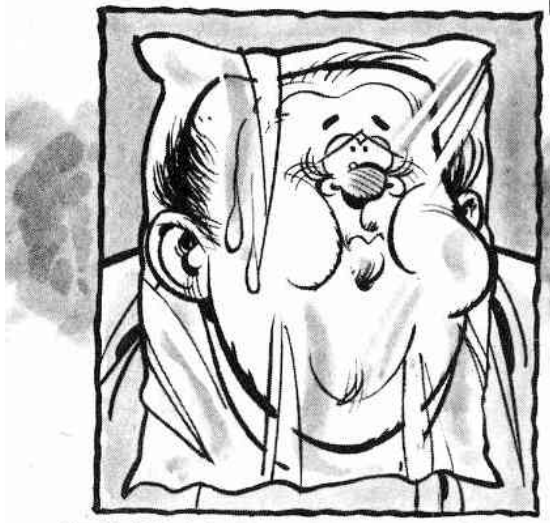
CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF... **AMERICA** WAS **NOT** NAMED AFTER **Amerigo Vespucci!!!**

IT WAS NAMED AFTER SAMMY MARGOLIS, A NOTED HEBREW EXPLORER... AND WHEN IT BECAME RICH AND FAMOUS IT CHANGED ITS NAME!

Grover P. **Sturdley** A NOTED CANADIAN HOCKEY PLAYER...

...SKATED THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE COURT, THRU THE ENTIRE OTHER TEAM, TO THE GOAL POST... ON *ONLY ONE LEG!!!*

(UNFORTUNATELY HE DIDN'T HAVE THE PUCK!)



IF YOU PUT A PLASTIC BAG OVER YOUR HEAD AND SAT THERE FOR 20 MINUTES...

...PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU WERE SOME KIND OF NUT!

RIDDLE: WHY DID THE KOSHER CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

ANSWER: TO GET TO THE OTHER SOUP!

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" — Timothy Leary

SPECIAL BONUS CUTOUT

MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER

SICK COUPONS

created by DAVID MALEH

SICK COUPON

SPECIAL OFFER ON A NEW

TRUSS

(or girdle if you're a man)

SAVE 3¢

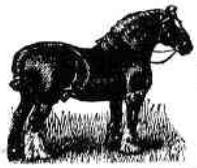
Good only with purchase of the string—which costs you $40.00

STORE COUPON

20¢ GIVEN

ON ANY PURCHASE OF

HORSEMEAT



(FROM OUR PRIME MEAT DEPARTMENT) AT ANY NEIGHBORHOOD SUPERMARKET

LIMIT: ONE HORSE PER FAMILY

SICK COUPON

Save 2¢

On Any Box Of

RUSTY NAILS

Ideal for causing flats, spreading disease and disrupting local streets

LIMIT: ONE MILLION PER PERSON

SICK COUPON

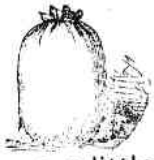
12¢ 12¢

12¢ FREE

IF YOU BUY A GENUINE IMPORTED

RETCH BAG

SAVE MORE THAN JUST MONEY



save a little of yourself!

NO LIMIT

12¢ 12¢

6¢ 6¢

SAVE 6¢

ON NEXT PURCHASE OF

TSE TSE

FLYPAPER

IF YOU BUY BY THE YARD

(not by the store, by the yard!)

6¢ SICK COUPON 6¢

8¢ 8¢

SAVE 8 CENTS

ON THE PURCHASE OF

COD-LIVER OIL

IN THE HANDY GALLON JUG

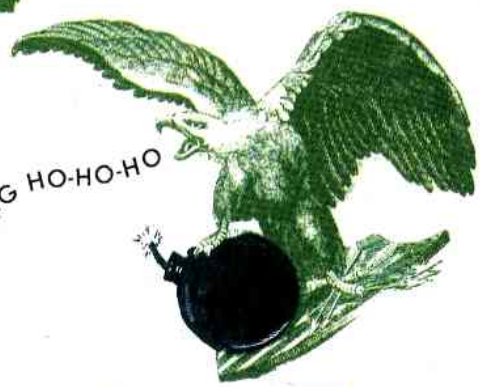
(or in the un-handy two-ton vat!)

8¢ •••SICK COUPON••• 8¢

EXTRA BONUS CUTOUT

With so much campus battling we figure instead of diplomas they should be giving out this . . .

United States Government



Honorable Discharge From School

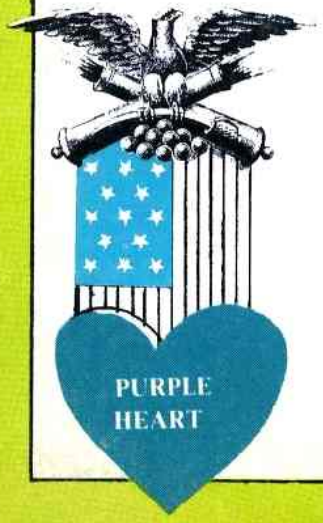
This is to certify that

_____

(fill in your name and school here)

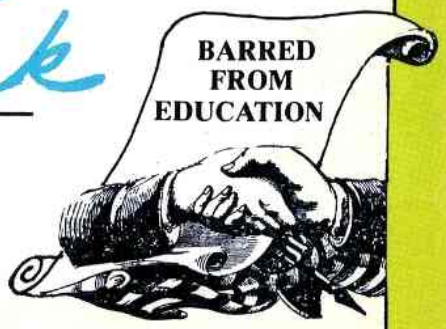
is hereby honorably discharged from School after having survived it without getting killed.

This discharge is awarded as a testimonial of courage and valor in the face of campus wars.



Huckleberry Fink

Commanding Officer, S.D.S.*



A SICK Certificate

*Sick Depraved Students